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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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FROM OREGON WESTWARD TO PALMESTINE—VI.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

There are three theories in regard to the site of Calvary—that advanced by Fergusson, which has had scarcely any one but himself to support it, that the place of crucifixion was on Mt. Moriah, where the Mosque of Omar now stands; second, the present church, which occupies the site of Constantine's original basilica; and third, that Jeremiah's grotto outside the modern town is the place of Calvary.

We know that Jesus was crucified on a hill outside the limits of the city (John xix: 17, 20; Matt. xxviii: 11; Hebrews xiii: 12). The church which now claims to occupy the locality of Calvary is almost in the very heart of modern Jerusalem and is on no hill at all. Unless the present city is very differently built from the ancient, and the natural configuration of the ground has greatly changed, both of which circumstances are quite possible, this church cannot enclose the site of the crucifixion and the sepulcher. Constantine first built a church here and dedicated it in 335. It is said that the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, prompted by a divine vision, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there discovered not only the sepulcher, but also the cross of Christ, the crown of thorns, the inscription and the nails, which last form the inner circlet of the famous iron crown of Lombard. This event is commemorated by two chapels at one end of the church, called the "Chapel of Saint Helena" and the "Chapel of the finding of the Cross." The latter contains a bronze statue of the Empress of life-size, which represents her holding part of the true cross.

The church met with a great disaster in 1808, when it was almost entirely burned down, but was rebuilt two years later. Whether it occupies the true site of Calvary and the sepulcher or not, we nevertheless approach it with profound interest and a certain amount of awe. For centuries it has been a center of devotion and a very holy of holies for the largest portions of Christendom. The Crusades were undertaken to gain possession of it, and a church to recover which Europe and the East were at war for a century must be regarded at least as one of the great historical buildings of the world.

If Jesus found the temple of his day a place of merchandise and den of thieves, so we find this temple of the Holy Sepulcher to-day. In the open space in front of the church, during the Easter festival, we encounter a multitude of profane traders selling all sorts of eatables and religious wares, beads, rosaries, candles, incense and scented wood-cuts of sacred scenes and events. We enter the portal. What a spectacle! Here in a raised alcove to the left sit armed Turkish soldiers, calmly smoking, brewing and drinking coffee and looking down with stupid and ignorant contempt on the crowds who come and go. Shame! shame on the Christians to wear the servile yoke and be thus spat upon and insulted by such a feeble, putrid, soulless government! Shame on these Christian sects who hate each other worse than they hate the Turk, and who have fought with fists and feet and knives, committed murder and run red riot within these very walls that enshrine the holy tomb, around this very tomb which they say once enshrined the Son of God!

The interior is dark and unattractive. The atmosphere is thick and heavy with incense. There are rows and rows of lamps and gaudy decorations. Here in front of you is the stone of unction—a flat slab, where the body of Christ was anointed. Crowds of pilgrims and Russian peasants are waiting and pushing forward to get a chance to kiss it. Close by is a spot surrounded by a railing where the Virgin watched the anointment. Twenty steps to the right is the chapel of Golgotha, or Calvary. Here you are shown the holes in which the three crosses were inserted, and the rent in the rock made by the earthquake. So the various incidents in the crucifixion are pointed out and commemorated by chapels and crosses and altars here, there and everywhere, upstairs and downstairs. It is a museum of religious curiosities. Even the tomb of Adam is shown you. In the center, under the great dome, is the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. You enter a low door into a vestibule, the chapel of the angel, and then, crawling through a hole, you come into the actual sepulcher which is about six feet by seven. The sepulchral couch covers the entire right side, and is much worn by the lips and myriad kisses of devout pilgrims. Over the tomb burn forty-three lamps in gold and silver, continuously night and day. During the Easter festivities, pilgrims from every land crawl on their knees in endless succession, sobbing and weeping, to this spot, the holiest of the holy, kissing the

empty tomb of Christ, and retire overcome with emotion in the same attitude of rapt devotion.

The church is a collection of chapels, altars and holy places, parcelled out among the different religious sects: Greeks (the most powerful body), Latins, Armenians, Syrians and Copts, the last having only a small altar adjoining the chapel of the Holy Sepulcher. Not only are all the events connected with the passion of Christ localized here under one roof—the place where he was scourged, where he was crowned with thorns, where the soldiers cast lots for his garments, where his friends stood afar off during the crucifixion, where he appeared to his mother after the resurrection, etc.—but in the same church we are also shown the subterranean rock tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, Melchisedek and John the Baptist. This is not all. You have pointed out to you the tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon and Baldwin, the crusading kings of Jerusalem. In the Greek part of the church, resplendent with pictures, jewels, and blazing gold and silver lamps, is a hole in the floor covered with a grating, which you are told is the "center of the world."

It is a heavy tax on the credulity of the Western tourist and Protestant clergymen whom you see here among the throngs which come and go all day long to believe in the identity of all these sites and "holy places," and in the superstitious fancies and follies with which they are invested. Millions of Catholics and Greeks and pious pilgrims regard all this as solemn reality. You will regard the whole thing more or less as a curious spectacle, as overdone, and, therefore, almost undone. There are no holy places in the Bible. It has no idolatry of sacred spots and localities. Only as places have reference to the kingdom of God are they mentioned at all. They are often, perhaps, left undetermined on purpose, as was the grave of Moses, to prevent the idolatry and superstition with which men have always invested such things.

The Bible tells the history so that the spiritually important is preserved and the rest omitted. The Protestant, who places his Bible above the traditions of men, the spiritual things of God and the worship in spirit and in truth above forms and ceremonies and sacred places, will demand a reason for this identity of holy spots and veneration of rocks and shrines, but will find none. The religion of Jesus is supremely spiritual, eternal, universal, and the homage which God demands is the homage of the human heart.

Where'er His children seek Him He is found, And every spot is hallowed ground, Whether it be Palestine or California, Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulcher church, with bannered arch and stained window that turns the light of day into mystic color, or only the rude upper chamber, the catacomb, the log hut. The hills about Jerusalem, the yellow Jordan, the Sea of Galilee, the water and breezes, are just as such things are everywhere else. They are not sacred. They have no special interest except as a reminiscence of what was once here, and of the folly of men who knew not the day of their visitation.

On Saturday of the Easter week I duly attended the famous ceremony of the Greek fire in the Holy Sepulcher church. I spent two hours and a half there witnessing one of the most disgraceful orgies perhaps ever performed in any heathen temple, ancient or modern. I believe this ceremony was originally intended to symbolize the light of the resurrection, or the descent of the Holy Ghost in tongues of fire upon the heads of the apostles. It is generally denounced as a fraud and lying miracle, kept up to feed the superstition of the ignorant people and to fill the pockets of the priests; but a Catholic professor, with whom I subsequently travelled, told me the Greek Church makes no pretense at a miracle in this ceremony; that the ecclesiastical rubric pertaining to it, which he himself consulted, simply directs the officiating priest to strike a new fire from flint to illuminate the church and the houses of believers for the coming year. Some years ago a Greek patriarch desired to discontinue this miracle fraud, and for a year or two it was abandoned; but the clamor of the multitude and the pressure of the Turkish authorities, who make a large backsheesh out of it by furnishing a guard of soldiers under the pretense of keeping order, compelled the patriarch to resume it. This is only one of the many impostures practiced in Jerusalem to gratify the faithful. The populace believe the fire is a miracle, and virtually compel the Greek Church to continue it, whether the priests believe in it or not. Since the sixteenth century the Latins take no part in it, and denounce it without mercy. The Armenians, Copts, and Syrians, however, take part with the orthodox Greek in performing the pious humbug.

LIFE AND THOUGHT IN INDIA.

BY DR. E. P. THWING.

India is a continent rather than a country. It has more countries within its vast borders than Europe, and nearly one hundred and fifty different tongues. The problem how to reach its 253,000,000, how to renew and bring them under the sway of a Christian civilization, has vexed England for more than a century. You go to India with quite positive notions as to what can be done and ought to be done. You come home again with wiser, more modest mind. The complexity and perplexity of the situation are only seen by those who have lived there. Books are helpful and the testimony of others, but to understand the Orient you must go there. "My dear brother, I know all about Japan," said an officer of one of our great boards to a missionary of that land, who was at home on a visit, and presenting the need of some modification of the work. The missionary had lived there nine years; the Secretary had never crossed the Pacific. You cannot "graft the tropic palm into the Northern pine," says Dr. O. W. Holmes. "The same divine forces underlie the growth of both, but the leaf and flower and fruit must follow the law of race, of soil and climate." To say that the human soul is the same the world over, is to utter merely a half truth, as when we say, with other glittering generalities, that "all men are free and equal." In India I found the Hindu asking for a national religion. In Japan I found that they wanted a religion for Japan, and told them in one discourse that they might as well ask for a national sun, prepared for their skies alone. Yet, all the while, the force of their plea for a wise adaptation of means to end was felt. They do have a national sun, practically, and it is quite different from that which shines with vertical rays in India. We, too, have ours. Hence, our climate, temperament, our fate. "Occidental manhood springs from self-respect; Oriental manhood rests in self-abasement. The one quickens, the other quenches, aspiration. Christianity encourages individuality, fires ambition, kindles hope; Buddhism sterilizes the life that is, and shrouds the future in despair. Never can I forget the weary look of many of the 125,000,000 females of India, seen in a journey of 4,500 miles, or the sadness of their music. Sir James Bruce says that India has 33,000,000 gods, but only thirty-three tunes. Fatalism also presses, oppresses, depresses, these Oriental communities. Perhaps it is an equally potential factor with that of climate in producing that torpid and tepid condition, which is one bar to moral or material advancement. Akin to this is the conceit and self-satisfaction which meets you everywhere. I lived some months at Canton, and had evidence of it there. Before the gates were open to foreigners, when Europeans, living outside, told the Cantonese of wonderful things across the sea, the scornful answer always came, "We got all same inside city." When the first steamer vexed the waters of Pearl river, that ancient stream which Roman galleys plowed—Canton is 3,000 years old—some of the "A No. 1 men," as the gentry are called, inspected the strange structure, its mighty machinery and novel appointments. They then turned away with conceit in their hearts and a lie on their lips, "Alle same inside city." The ministers of foreign nations, forced on them at the point of the bayonet, are represented as "servants in pay of the Emperor"; treaty rights and open ports, won by the "open ports" of gunboats, are spoken of as expressions of the imperial pity for the destitution of foreign devils. This misrepresentation of others is in keeping with the way they stultify themselves, as when they speak of the hideous smallpox as "heavenly flowers," and the mutilated stumps of their small-footed women as "golden lilies."

The heathen of India and the East hug the chains that bind them. Seventy years ago Ram Mohan Roy rose a reformer in India, and published parts of the New Testament as "a guide to peace and happiness." But when he died they found the sacred Brahmic cord still wound about his neck. He had respected the rites of his caste, and continued a Brahmin to the end. In Calcutta I met another of those high Hindus, and talked with him about the years he spent here and in England, and about his present efforts as an agnostic to lift his people to a purer life. His obsequious submission to penance was praised by his fellow-heathen on his return, for he purified himself from the contamination of Western society by swallowing penitential pills made of the excrement of the cow. The worst feature of Oriental religions is the blinding of conscience. "Observe caste rules," and you are safe, though a debauchee or murderer. "A monster of iniquity is certain of heaven if he dies with the name of Rama or Krishna on his lips." You may not touch the food you wish to buy

at the railway station; it is put into your hand or on a leaf. I mixed medicine for my servant and handed it to him. He could not touch it. He said that he would mix it in his own cup at home. Every step of progress is fettered by superstition as embodied in caste rules. The material civilization of India is doing much to break them down. All castes must be mixed up in the railway trains. About the time I visited Bombay the barbers refused to conform to the heathen law of shaving widow's heads. A couple of Brahmins have since shocked all propriety by starting a tan yard and leather business in Upper India—about as much of an innovation as it is for the Pope of Rome to set up an observatory in the Vatican itself, and appoint Denza astronomer. Galileo was right, "The world moves." Fallible popes and baffled Brahmins find it so.

SAN JACINTO NOTES.

More of our people than usual have taken a vacation this season, but most of them have returned, and now school work has been resumed and church workers are again at their posts, ready for the service of another fall and winter.

Some have been to the coast, many have been summering among the mountains. Our own "Strawberry Valley," a pleasant resort on San Jacinto mountain, has called a larger number of visitors than ever before, all of whom, so far as I have heard, speak in high terms of the retreat, and many declare their intention of coming again next year and bringing their friends with them. Our road seemed to lead to the sea rather than toward the mountain retreat near us. So we have met few of the Strawberry Valley visitors this year; but among Congregational brethren who have been there we have met Prof. Norton of Pomona College, and Brother Barrows of Northhoff (with headquarters at Claremont, where he can keep an eye on Pomona College). We are informed that Rev. L. B. Voorhees of Santa Ana spent his vacation at Strawberry.

Our vacation month, August, was spent beside the sea at Redondo Beach, and in Los Angeles. We came home with pleasant memories of old ocean and the Chautauqua Assembly at Redondo, and delightful Sabbaths with the people of Plymouth and the Pico Heights churches, Los Angeles, and the church at Compton, some ten miles from Los Angeles. Pastor Wells of Plymouth was at his Ventura fruit ranch; Pico Heights and Compton were pastorless.

The air is full of politics. "Prima-ries," "conventions" and "candidates" are the things most talked about just now. Bad men are hard at work, so are many good men. No doubt more good men ought to be hard at work. A government of the saloon, by the saloon, and for the saloon cannot always be tolerated. A good text for California pastors to preach from just now is Psalm x: 8, "He sitteth in the lurking places of the villages." It is a fruitful text we know, for we tried it a week ago.

An accident, most distressing in its results, occurred here a few days ago, throwing a gloom over the entire community. Miss Lena Koch, a young lady of twenty-three, had just filled the reservoir of a gasoline stove. She had spilled a little of the gasoline on the floor, but lit a match before attending to it or removing the pitcher from which she had filled the reservoir. There was a sudden explosion, and Miss Koch was so terribly burned that death resulted in about five hours. The horrible condition of the poor girl's body cannot be described. The house, one of the most beautiful homes in the valley, was burned to the ground. Miss Koch was a devoted Christian, a member of the Methodist church, where she will be greatly missed in the choir, Epworth League and Sunday-school. Last evening the members of the Epworth League held a memorial service at the Methodist church, and by invitation, the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church was present. Miss Koch's Bible, slightly burned, was saved from the burning house, and its marked passages and many notes on the fly-leaves reveal, as nothing else could, the depth of Christian experience and devotion of one who, though quiet and unobtrusive, lived near to God. Three days before her death she led the meeting of the Epworth League, reading to her young associates the one hundred and third psalm, and speaking of its comforts and inspiring suggestions.

As I write, the weather is cooler than for many days. The sky is overcast, and possibly we are soon to have a shower here in the valley, after weeks, almost months, of hot, dry weather. Recent rains on the mountains did not reach us in the valley below.

Over 10,000 Irish people settle in England every year.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer, Y. L. B. W. B., 1725 Geary street, S. F.

THE MISSIONARY SCHOONER.

At the Oakland Mole on Saturday last might be seen a dainty little craft, tossing lightly on the waters that wash the wharf where she lay. A little farther out in the bay, swinging at anchor, lay a pretty vessel called the *Pikauri*, which suggested the island of that name. To the right the *Starlight*, a beautiful yacht which has made her record for speed on the bay; but none of them ever had the history or the destiny which has this little vessel moored to the Oakland wharf. On her stern, in bright letters, is the name of Robert W. Logan, a name known to few of the multitude of people passing and repassing in those great ferry boats near by, but a name that will live forever in the hearts of simple natives on the far-distant islands of Micronesia, and in loving and honored remembrance by the Church in our own land. Many years ago Mr. and Mrs. Logan went to those islands whose names are but partially familiar to us. Ponape, Ruk, Kusaie—here they labored with those untaught, more than ignorant natives, following the labors of some sainted ones who had gone before. Here, in the depressing heat, far beyond the reach of the necessities of life to an American, in sickness and in health they labored to bring these people into the light of the gospel. We follow Mr. Logan and his wife, as in a little open boat they try to make their way to a more distant station to look after the Christians there. There the broiling sun, the lack of the cooling draught, the fevered veins did their work, and Mr. Logan laid down his life. His body lies in Ponape, and a marble monument, sent from this Coast, marks his resting place. The lack of easy and suitable communication between these islands, which, perhaps, caused the death of Mr. Logan, led the Board at Boston to devise plans for a little vessel to ply between the numerous islets of these groups. The *Morning Star* is too large for this work, and is needed in the longer trips from Honolulu, and so this little vessel, about sixty feet long, will be a welcome—most welcome—auxiliary to the work of the missionaries.

She was built at Benicia by the Messrs. Turner, cost \$5,000, came to this city last week, and on Saturday was dedicated by a simple service to the special work of literally "carrying the gospel" and its messengers to the islands of the sea. The completed Bible, whose translation into the Mortlock language by Mr. Bingham is just finished, native preachers from one point to another, youth to find their way into Mrs. Logan's school, supplies of food and necessities, will be her cargo. No gains of commerce will increase her coffers. Many gathered to see her off, and to take an excursion in her about the bay. As the party stood on the deck, before the ropes were cast off, Dr. McLean read from Mark's gospel of Christ on the sea, and said that many of his teachings and of his blessed life centered around the sea. Then the hymn, "The morning light is breaking," was sung, after which Captain Bray was asked to tell something of the destination of the little boat, which he did, describing the islands in their peculiar formation. After this Captain Worth, who is to command her from Honolulu, and who is a devoted Christian man, was asked to make some remarks. As we looked at the bronzed face of this good man who told of his sympathy and Christian love for the dear friends in Micronesia, and of his own faith in God, it was felt that with two such men, whose trust in God was so apparent, to care for this vessel, that He who holds the winds in the hollow of his hand would bring it into the desired haven. Another hymn, "Jesus shall reign," then the prayer of dedication by Rev. Mr. Frean. The doxology was sung by those on board and joined in by those on the wharf, and then the ropes were cast off, and she drifted slowly as there was but little wind, out into the bay.

We watched the white wings as far as we could see them in the misty distance. On the deck of the *Robert Logan* sat a godly woman to whom the story of the work of Christ was not new—no, for forty years she had been familiar with its every detail. Mr. and Mrs. Sturges labored in

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These islands for many years. They came to Oakland some years since, where together they worked at the translation of the Bible into the language of the Gilbert Islands. Mr. Sturges went to his reward some years since, leaving his wife to continue the labor of translation; and whose benediction could bring down greater blessings on the little vessel, and her commanders and crew than hers whose love for this work and for those natives has never died! The *Robert Logan* sails next Tuesday for Honolulu; from thence she will start on her longer voyage far to the southwest. Can we imagine Mrs. Logan's feelings as she gets the first sight of the white-winged messenger, with the beloved name on her stern—the name that marks the resting place of her dead, the same that will on this little vessel give hope and inspiration to the living? And that bright flag at the masthead, will it mean anything to her? Will she not say, as she looks at its waving folds for the first time, "My country, 'tis from thee; you have come," and the unsympathetic Spaniard, as he looks at it, too, the symbol of a great and powerful government, will he not be a little more cautious about interfering with the rights of American citizens, though few and weak in numbers? And so we say, God speed the *Robert W. Logan* on her long voyage and bring her to a safe anchorage in the tropic seas and bright waters that separate the lonely but beautiful islands of Micronesia, where many loving hearts will welcome her coming and speed her parting on her errands of love and missions of mercy. COM.

SALOON RESTRICTIVE ASSOCIATION.

At the call of the ministerial Clubs of this city a large number of ministers and a few laymen gathered in the hall of the Y. M. C. A., at 3 p. m. last Monday, "to organize an anti-saloon alliance in this city," the call read, but the meeting did not thus organize. After short addresses by Father Montgomery of the Roman Catholic Church, Rev. J. Q. A. Henry of the First Baptist church and many others, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The use of intoxicating beverages in San Francisco is greatly increased by the existence of the great number of saloons within its limits; and, whereas it is the earnest desire of all good citizens of whatever party, class, creed or condition, that the number of saloons be reduced to the lowest possible limit, to the end that their demoralizing influence on the individual, in the family, in society and in politics be minimized; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we do hereby associate ourselves together under the name of the San Francisco Saloon Restrictive Association, for the purpose of securing in the coming election the success of officers who will carry out the provisions of the above principles, and that we invite into this association all citizens who are in favor of protecting our homes and families from the debasing effects of the numerous saloons in our midst."

The following gentlemen were appointed a Committee on Permanent Organization: Michael Flood, James R. Kelly, C. B. Perkins, E. A. Girvin, F. B. Perkins, W. M. Cubery and H. L. Gear.

Another meeting will be held at the same place at 4 o'clock p. m. next Monday.

It is the intention to send a letter to every candidate for the Legislature and for Supervisor, asking him how he will vote on the question of licensing saloons in case he is elected, and if his answer proves unsatisfactory the association will do all in its power to defeat him at the coming election. A failure to answer the letter will be taken as meaning that the person receiving it is in favor of a low liquor license.

If the friends of temperance will come out next Monday and join this movement and take hold and work together, something may be done. It is only the apathy of good people which allows liquor bosses to rule this town and this State. Let us take hold of something that is practicable in this matter. We cannot do away with all the saloons at present; we may diminish their number and their power.

The Educational Department of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association will open November 1st; there will be some changes in this department this season. There will be classes in Spanish, German, elocution, book-keeping, stenography, drawing (mechanical and free hand), and possibly chemistry and mathematics. The classes are open free to all sustaining members. Membership fee, five dollars a year, including many other advantages and privileges.

It is stated that the German Electric Company of Madrid has in contemplation the installation of a plant for electric plowing on a large property in the central part of Spain.

IS OUR CHURCH LIFE ANTAGONIZING OUR HOME LIFE?

BY PROFESSOR W. M. SEARBY.

Without undertaking to give a positive answer on either side of this question, I propose to set it before you for your consideration, premising that I view it from a layman's standpoint. It is only human to err in some way; nay, rather, in many ways. We are endowed with certain qualities of mind and heart and life, which, if adjusted to their proper proportions, and not counteracted by other qualities tending in opposite directions, would make us just such manner of persons as we ought to be in all holy living and godliness; but with each of us there is some maladjustment, a deficiency here, an excess there—the result being such palpable imperfections as we readily see in others, and often, though less clearly, in ourselves. These disproportions in human nature are so universal that we look upon an all-round man as a wonder. If, to his personal qualities, he has added a well-rounded development of all his powers, bodily, mental and spiritual, he stands before us as a hero, and we vie with each other to do him homage. Our character being thus one-sided, or at least partial, what wonder is it that our plans should often be imperfect, our methods faulty, often needing revision, and sometimes reconstruction? And it is only to be expected that these defects should inhere in our plans and methods of church work, as well as to such as pertain to mundane affairs.

What is the ideal Christian life? What is the proper adjustment of active work on behalf of others, on the one hand, to a due regard to our own spiritual needs? And how far should we apply our efforts on behalf of others to members of our own family, and to the interests of our own home? In short, how shall we adjust the claims of home with the claims of our neighbor? We live in stirring times. Great activity prevails in business, politics and social affairs, in science, the arts, and benevolence. The business man who does not push his business gets left in the race; the political body that is not aggressive in advancing its claims very promptly suffers. With what intensity do scientific men advance their new theories and seek to promulgate that particular cause which they espouse! And so it is in every department of life, and in all the great movements of the day. Religious bodies can no more afford to be indolent or indifferent than can men of business, politicians or scientists; and the church that does not push its work, that does not seek to extend its borders, that does not labor to build itself up, and to advance itself by all means in its power, will as surely be left in the race as any of these interests to which I have referred. And if these considerations alone were not enough to incite us to activity on behalf of the Master's kingdom we have the wonderful stimulus of active opposition. The forces that make for evil are ever active, nor is it a mere guerilla warfare that they are waging. Their ranks are well organized.

And so we have such institutions as the League of Freedom—a tyrannical body organized to defeat the law—the Licensed Taxpayers, whose business doubles everybody else's taxes, strong compacts corrupting politics; and, in addition to all these, the press largely pandering to the lower instincts of our nature, and so corrupting and debasing our people. These and other agencies that might be mentioned show us how actively the forces that make for evil are engaged against those that make for good. It is evident, therefore, that the very necessities of the case compel Christian people to a life of great activity if the Master's kingdom is to advance.

Our Saviour has so organized his Church that its maintenance and promulgation devolve upon those who become his followers. No provision was made by him for delegating the work of the Church to a select few, but all are called upon to do their best in promoting the interests of his kingdom. This activity, therefore, which is thrown upon all, and it is for each one to find out for himself in what way he can most effectively do the work that Christ demands of him. Let us look at this question in the light of the ordinary church machinery of our times. When we enter into church relations we obligate ourselves to sustain the church of our adoption with our means, our prayers and our efforts, to attend to its services, and seek in every means to promote its usefulness, its purity and its growth and grace. Our pastor does not fail to remind us of the obligations we have thus assumed; hence, we attend diligently to the public services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day, we assist in the Sunday-school, and, perhaps, one or two mission schools, or work of that kind which our church has undertaken. One night in the week we set aside for the prayer-meeting; then we have other meetings connected with the church of a business, social and devotional character. It is our duty to attend these. There is the teacher's preparatory meeting, the Christian Endeavor Society, church societies every few weeks, either of the young people or of some other department of the church, meetings for the consideration of missions, home and foreign, the Woman's Board, the King's Daughters, Sunday-school festivals, mission Sunday-schools, etc.—all of these, and more within our own church. There are certain general matters outside in which all Christians are interested, such

as the Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, Union Sabbath-School, Temperance Mission, and other works, some of which draw quite largely upon the time of our members. How shall we attend to all these, and still do justice to our homes? And if we do not attend to all these, what are we going to do about it?

It is a question whether many of our people, more particularly the younger and more active ones, are not rather injured than helped in their spiritual natures by the multiplication of meetings which these numerous organizations require. Rustling about this thing and that, and rushing from meeting to meeting, are apt to induce a restlessness that is unfavorable to calm reflection, and to that deep and earnest thought which strengthens character. Is it not a fact that meditation, which should precede intelligent, direct prayer, is too often crowded out by the high pressure upon which life is run—religious life as well as secular? Is it not time to call a halt, and give ourselves more time for the quieter, more thoughtful side of Christian duty? The Marthas of the Church are needed to care for the "many things" of the Master's kingdom, which must be looked after if he is to be honored with all due faithful service. But not less needed are the Marys, who sit at his feet and take in those instructions and sweet counsels that quicken and strengthen and inspire our souls. Strong men and women are wanted in the Church, and we should see that those elements of Christian purpose which tend to produce strength of character are secured. Exercise tends to strengthen our powers. But exercise without nourishment results in weakness. Heat-giving food is a necessary part of our sustenance, but if it is not supplemented by that which produces blood and muscle and nerve, we soon become enervated, emaciated and sickly. Food that gives only heat is under such conditions little better than poison. Do not our young people tire too much on spiritual food that gives excitement rather than strength, inducing a feverish state of the spiritual pulse rather than the steady, vigorous pulsations of robust health? In other words, would they—and, in fact, would not all of us—many times be better at home than at our social religious gatherings?

The home is a divine institution, being a necessity of the family, and the place of family development. Here are given those instructions which can be had nowhere else. Here are felt those sweet influences which imperceptibly, but not the less surely, mould the character. Here are received those inspirations which nerve us for future achievement. Here are nurtured faith and hope and love, as father and mother, sister and brother, in numberless acts of kindness and self sacrifice, great and small, show that each esteems the other better than himself. Here faith strengthens faith, hope, encourages hope and love begets love. Here deeds more eloquent than sermons illustrate Christian doctrines.

We need to beware lest we so arrange our religious work that what seems to be a duty to the Church needlessly interferes with the claims of the home. In city churches, the demands made upon all active Christians by work outside of the home are many and severe. My own church carries on five Sunday-schools, the Sabbath engagements being as follows: 9:30 A. M., Sunday-school; 11 o'clock, Church service; 12:30 P. M., Sunday-school at Ocean View; 3 o'clock, Sunday-school at Pierce street and Seventh avenue; 5 o'clock, Children's Prayer Meeting; 6:30, Y. P. S. C. E.; 7:30, Church service. In the week time, three prayer meetings, one teacher's meeting, besides the many union organizations which I named at the outset, numbering not less than six or eight which meet weekly or monthly, with occasional extra meetings, socials, church concerts, entertainments, etc. Some persons go to as many of these as they can, under the belief that it is their duty to sustain all these agencies with their presence and means. If to these we add such claims as are made by the temperance work, Y. M. C. A. and other institutions of an undenominational character, it is seen that such persons are necessarily from their homes a large part of the time. Would not mothers and fathers, and even elder sisters and brothers in some cases, be serving the Master better in the quiet of their own homes?

We all have our limitations. We cannot help forward every good word and work, though it may have our sympathy and we may wish we could help it along. As we are to covet earnestly the best gifts, it would seem that we ought also to seek to do the best work. Is not this often to be done in the home, and are we not sometimes neglecting golden opportunities there, in order that we may seize other less precious ones in a distant field? I am not contending that Christians should confine themselves ordinarily to such Christian work as can be done in their homes. I call attention to the severe drain our numerous church organizations are making on our home life, and ask you to consider whether the time has not come when we should put down the brakes on the tendency to organize special machinery for every department of Christian work. Or, if this be not practicable, let these organizations be so managed as to prevent any needless waste of time and energy, such as now results from endless meetings and conventions, with their wearisome reports and discussions often on matters of mere routine. Particularly is this the case with the Y. P. S. C. E., which is a most efficient arm of the Church, but

is in danger of running to seed if its growth in this direction be not checked. Recognizing, therefore, the duty laid upon all Christians to engage actively in some department of Christian work, I submit the claims of the home as needing a fuller recognition as one of the places where Christians can do good work, and as the place where some could do better work than in the more public assembly. These ought to be done and not to leave the others undone.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHAT DOES GOD DO

TO SHOW HIS LOVE FOR THE SINNER?

The love of God for the sinner is greater than any earthly parental love, for He gave his only Son that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life.

Consider the greatness of the love which should cause him to make such a priceless sacrifice—priceless because it was an only Son.

Measure, if you can, the breadth of that love—"For God so loved the world"—not alone you or I, but he so loved the world, that he gave his only Son as a sacrifice.

What did God do to show me his love? Eighteen months I have been under the beautiful flag of freedom and liberty—the flag of Jesus Christ. It was then that I heard the silver bell pealing behind the sanctuary of Christ; I was then in complete spiritual darkness. A gleam of light penetrated the clouds, which obscured my knowledge of Him, and I stepped into the light and love of Jesus Christ. It would be hard to enumerate all he has done to show his love for me, for he has so changed my life that I experience nothing but pleasure in walking in his love.

A lady whom I had met years before my conversion said to me, on learning of my connection with the Church: "You are the last one whom I thought would shut himself up like that."

"You are mistaken," was my answer. "On the contrary, I have found freedom and liberty, and if I tasted of pleasure while in the world, I now sail in an ocean of happiness." I first commenced to live when I took up the light which God gave me, and now that light is walking with the joy and pleasure of walking in Christ. WALTER F. ADAMS.

UNIVERSAL PEACE.

During the last fifteen years the enrolled military force of the leading European nations has doubled. There are now 11,000,000 men in Europe ready to be called into the field. It is beyond human power of imagination to conceive what these large figures mean as to the withdrawal of men from peaceful pursuits of home-life and the common industries. The money expense is not the greatest part of the cost of sustaining these vast armies, though throughout Europe the people are burdened with taxes that take from them a large share of the rewards of their labor. But the cost to a nation of these standing armies is found in the spirit of militarism, in the false ideals of life arising from it, and in the wars that come from the necessity of giving armies something to do. The Universal Peace Congress, which has just closed its sessions in London looks like a ripple on the bosom of an ocean tide. It does not seem as if universal peace were more than a remote contingency. But the decisions of this Congress have a certain weight even in this age of militarism, and the leading statesmen of Europe are ready to admit, as they have not been before, that the settlement of international disputes by conference or arbitration is the only method that is worthy of Christian nations in dealing with each other. But the prospect is that the increased destructiveness of modern instruments of war will do more to bring about an era in which arbitration will take the place of battles than any considerations arising from the burdens laid upon labor or any ethical theories as to war itself.—*Watchman*.

CHURCHES EXPENSIVE?

I am perfectly convinced that our churches are worth more than they cost, were it for nothing else than as an insurance of the community against the expenses of wickedness and crime. Benevolence always comes back to him who renders it; and it comes with interest, while selfishness, in seeking to grant something else, lets go everything it had acquired.

The very fact that when a church is erected in a neighborhood it raises the value of all the surrounding lots is a proof that, in the matter of real estate at least, the truth of what I have affirmed is acknowledged. It pays to build churches; for, in as far as they are successful, they tend to diminish pauperism, prevent crime, and counteract intemperance, and these are the three costliest things in the land. Thus the witness of every house of prayer is to the truth of Solomon's word, "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, there is that withholdeth more than he meet and it tendeth to poverty." And so they stand among us as the representatives of benevolence in the midst of selfishness. They give more than they get; indeed, they get only that they may give the more.—*Christian Weekly*.

Who hath a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself? This ought to be our endeavor, to conquer ourselves and daily wax stronger, and to make a stronger ground in holiness.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

Literary and Educational.

THE KNIGHTS OF SANDY HOLLOW. By Mary B. Sleight. Pp. 376. Price \$1.50.

The "Knights" were originally a band of eight or ten boys in a dull fishing village, who, fired by the exaggerated and sensational adventures in dime novels, united for mischief of all kinds. Before long their lawlessness made them the terror of the neighborhood. A heaven of a different sort had, however, begun its work in the little village. A most devoted and attractive young girl, who came to live at the shore with a lame brother, determined to make friends with these boys, and help them to become true knights instead of the false ones that they were. Soon after, her efforts were seconded by a cheery, hearty young theological student who visited the seashore village, and preached to the people there. The boys of Sandy Hollow were of all sorts. Some of them were led into serious misdoing; but in the course of months, they, as well as the place, felt the effect of the good heaven. The story is a first-rate one for boys. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Geo. C. McConnell, San Francisco.)

LITTLE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH. By Frances A. Humphrey. Pp. 331. Price \$1.25.

No boy or girl can grow to be a true citizen of this republic without having learned to honor the Pilgrims who came to Plymouth in 1620. But many a boy and girl knows little or nothing about those good people, chiefly because the narrative of Plymouth colony has not been sufficiently set forth in interesting shape. It is to meet this need that Mrs. Humphrey has written this very readable story. She has woven into her tale of children summering at Plymouth the facts of the Pilgrim's life. Many interesting details concerning various individuals are given; places made doubly interesting by their connection with Pilgrim history are well described; and numerous illustrations, chiefly from photographs, give distinctness to the written description. The historical accuracy of the book has been vouched for by one well versed in colonial history. (Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago and San Francisco.)

FAITH ON THE FRONTIER. By Edmund March Vittum. Pp. 390. Price, \$1.50.

Life in the far West, in the uninhabited prairie, has many hardships which are often suppressed in narratives published in the East. In this story is an "unvarnished tale" of the difficulties which surrounded a Vermont family who took up land in the West and forsook New England for what seemed to them a golden opportunity. They had to experience many a bitter disappointment and failure. The father is overcome by drink, and loses his life in a blizzard. The reader will obtain from the book an impression of Western life far truer than that to be derived from most literature of the sort. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. Geo. C. McConnell, 757 Market street, San Francisco.)

IS THE BIBLE INSPIRED BY GOD?

Says one, "I think that the Bible may be a true history, but that is no proof of its inspiration. It does not require divine inspiration to write a history." So you think it is an easy matter to tell the truth, do you? I wish you could make other people think so. Suppose you go and read a file of newspapers published just before the last election, and see if you do not think it requires divine inspiration to tell the truth, or even to find it out after it is told. Truth is mighty hard to get at, as you can see by perusing the daily papers on the eve of an election.

There are certain things in the Bible which to my mind bear the impress of the Divinity. A skeptic will tell you what a race of old sinners we read about in the Bible! Noah got drunk; David was guilty of adultery and murder; Solomon was an idolater, and wrought folly; Peter denied his Lord, and Judas sold him for thirty pieces of silver; all these people that the Bible talks about so much to us are a pretty set of men!

Very well; what kind of men do you expect to read about in the Bible? Noah got drunk. Is that strange? Did no one else ever get drunk? Peter cursed and swore. Are there not other men who curse and swear? Judas, an apostle, sold his Lord, who said he had chosen twelve, and one of them was a devil. Do you not sometimes find a Judas in the church even nowadays? One in twelve was a thief and a traitor then; and we need not be surprised if we find about the same average now.

But you seem to think that when you read about a man in the Bible he is sure to be free from all kinds of errors, faults, and sins. You have formed this idea of men from reading in Sunday school books about good children, who usually die young; or perusing excellent biographies, which, as you read them, cause you to exclaim, "I wish I could be as good as that person was; but I never shall." No, I presume you never will, and if you knew the whole story about the person you might not feel so deeply on the subject.

Do you suppose that if the Bible had been written by some learned doctor, revised by a committee of eminent divines and published by some great religious

society, we should ever have heard of Noah's drunkenness, of Abraham's deception, of Lot's disgrace, of Jacob's cheating, of Paul and Barnabas' quarreling, or of Peter's lying, cursing, dissembling? Not at all. The good men, when they came to such an incident, would have said, "There is no use saying anything about that. It is all past and gone; it will not help anything, and it will only hurt the cause." If a committee of such eminent divines had prepared the Bible, you would have had a biography of men whose characters were patterns of piety, and propriety, instead of poor sinners, as they were. Sometimes a man writes his own diary and happens to leave it for some one to print after he is dead; but he leaves out all the mean tricks he ever did, and puts in all the good acts he can think of; and you read the pages, filled with astonishment, and think, "What a wonderful good man he was!" But when the Almighty writes a man's life he tells the truth about him; and there are not many persons would want their lives printed if the Almighty wrote them.

You find a man who will tell the truth about kings, warriors, princes, and rulers to-day, and you may be quite sure that he has within him the power of the Holy Ghost. And a book which tells the faults of those who wrote it, and which tells you that "there is none righteous, no, not one," bears in it the mark of a true book; for we know that men have faults, and failings, and sins; and among all the men whose lives are recorded in that book, each man has some defect, some blot except one, and that is "the man Christ Jesus."—*H. L. Hastings*.

OUR ESCORT TO HEAVEN.

"Will our departed friends in Christ come to conduct us home at death?" A chariot of fire was sent for Elijah, angels carried Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. Christ told his disciples that he would come and receive them to himself. Stephen saw the Saviour waiting to welcome him. Paul says that an abundant entrance shall be ministered to us, etc. No doubt, then, we will not be left to find our way alone, but a fitting escort will be provided for the soul of each departing saint. There are facts which seem to encourage the belief that sometimes our own glorified kindred are sent. I have seen an orphan child die, who cried, just before the last agony, "Why, there is my mother." And one of my correspondents tells of a similar scene. An uncle was dying. "He sank into a seeming slumber. After a few minutes he opened his eyes, all aglow with joy, and said: 'John, Brother James has come. He is riding a beautiful white horse, and I am going back with him.' He then closed his eyes in death." We do not believe that the vision of Stephen recorded in the Book of Acts was the result of an excited imagination. We do not doubt that he really saw heaven opened. And why should we doubt the testimony of these departing friends? The courts give special credence to the testimony of a witness in *articulo mortis*. No doubt the dying saints referred to thought that they saw their friends waiting for them, and who dare say that they were mistaken? Yet we have no right to conclude from the few such cases that we have seen or read of that such an escort is sent in every instance. I believe that usually the angels come for us as they came for Lazarus.—*Ex.*

BOOK-MAKING IN JAPAN.

Having resolved to "print" a book, for, as all the world knows, the Japanese use a brush and not a pen, the author betakes him to his work-room. It is full of the soft, dull light which pulses from a square white paper lantern; the low, bright wooden ceiling gives back a pale brown gleam here and there. There is a silvery glint in the frail paneled wall, and in a warm gray shadowed recess a gold Buddha crosses his feet and stretches forth his palms, smiling gently upon the lotus which he holds. In another recess stand the curious vessels of iron and clay and bamboo for the tea ceremony.

The author sits on the floor in a flowing garment of brown silk lined with blue, his legs disposed comfortably under him. In front of him stands a lacquered table about a foot high, and upon it his writing materials, which are as idly as his surroundings—his paper is delicately tinted yellow, with blue lines running up and down. His inkstand is a carved ebony slab, with one end hollowed out for water to rub his cube of India ink in, and holds the four or five daintily decorated bamboo brushes which are his pens. Naturally he does not write his novel, he paints it. Beginning at the end of the whole, at the left of every page, and at the top of every line, straight down between the two parallels his small brown hand goes with quick, delicate, dark touches. Although this novelist's "copy" might seem to a stranger to be daintiness itself, yet he always has it duplicated "by an artist" before sending it to the publishers, the success of the book depending so largely upon its artistic forbidding. The "artist" to whom the "copy" is now entrusted proceeds to repaint the long series of word pictures with a professional dexterity which is something astonishing.—*The American Bookmaker*.

In some things Matthew Arnold held views which ran athwart of popular religious sentiment, but he gave a valuable testimony when he said, "Show me ten square miles of territory on this globe which are not Christian, and on which the life of man and the honor of woman are safe, and I will give Christianity up."

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This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the left edge, and the right edge is slightly irregular, suggesting it is part of a bound volume.

Vinalhaven, Maine, claims to have produced the largest stone ever brought to light. The Bowdell Granite Company recently quarried a shaft of granite which is the largest piece of stone ever quarried anywhere, and, if erected, will be the highest, largest, and heaviest single piece of solid stone standing, or that ever stood, so far as any record can be found. In height it considerably exceeds any of the Egyptian obelisks. The tallest of these, which was brought from Heliopolis to Alexandria by Emperor Constantine, and afterward taken to Rome, where it is still standing, is 105 feet 7 inches high, while the Vinalhaven shaft is 115 feet long, 10 feet square at the base, and weighs 850 tons. It is understood, says *Stone*, that the company quarried this immense monolith of their own account, not having an order for anything of the kind, and they suggest that it would be a fitting contribution from Maine for the monument to be erected in honor of General Grant.

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standard gold
Copper and zinc make bell metal and
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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1890

It is high time for all good citizens to see to it that they are properly registered anew, so that they can not be legally deprived of the privilege of voting when the day of election arrives. It is high time that all voters who do not wish the entire State—every town, city, and county—placed under the heels of saloon-keepers, by a general low-license liquor law, enacted on purpose to override all town laws, city laws, and county laws for the stopping, restricting, or regulating of the liquor business. Let all good citizens vote down the man who is supposed to be pledged to the committing of any such moral outrage.

Our fellow-citizens who are Hebrews in faith have just entered on their ecclesiastical new year. We hope their celebration of the season has really helped them toward that newness in the life of morality and religion to which the lapsing years should prompt every one. All of us, whatever our faith, or want of it, are this week crossing a line, with the sun, which should arrest our steps and fix our thoughts; for the year is virtually three-fourths gone, and for six months to come we shall be in shadow more than in light. There are some felicities in having the new year begin with the equinox; but, if we will, we can be beginning happy new years with every great turn in the tides of time.

Dr. Pentecost's mission to India awakens great hope in the hearts of those who have been there and know the conditions of thought and life. Dr. Thwing's article in another column gives some features of the field and people. That Dr. Pentecost is free from the control, and independent of the support, of any denominational body is at once a vast advantage and also a peril and a weakness. He also will find that the changed conditions of society in the East will require tactics wholly new, as compared with those had in Christian communities, where even the most debased still feel, half unconsciously, the sway of nobler ideas, a part of the heredity of thought through generations of Christian people.

In an address to the candidate, at a recent ordination, it was very fittingly said by one of the members of the council: "If there is in your parish an eminently pious person, one saintly spirit, one Christian soul, resolve to be yourself that one." Such a purpose, however, can be almost as fittingly commended to a deacon, or to any other church officer (or member, for that matter) as to the minister. Yet there is a peculiar fitness (as St. Paul to Timothy instructs us) in a minister's aiming thus, and attaining too, inasmuch as he is to be an example, and must be so much above the average as to be able to serve as an example, a shining example, to be imitated for its excellences; not one to be shunned for its deficiencies.

A gentleman who heard in New York an eloquent sermon of forty minutes' length, without notes, on a warm day, came away with this reflection: "In this day of telegraphs and telephones and newspaper directness and incisiveness, we preachers must not forget that the men in our congregations want the truth in as brief a compass as may be consistent with clearness and force. In view of this demand, and in view of our temptation to redundancy and repetitiveness, I regard with increasing favor the manuscript, when you put behind it an earnest man, or one who is 'on fire' with his theme. Wm. M. Taylor, of New York, is a pertinent illustration." How true it is that opinion changes continually on this hackneyed point! A warm day may give us a different judgment. Well pleased with the extemporaneous talk of thirty minutes, in ten minutes more we wish the man's notes compelled him to stop. But when we hear our preacher, in the brief compass of a half-hour, make a clear, orderly, compact, unhesitating and well-proportioned address without a scrap of paper, we do not miss the manuscript at all! Whichever method we attempt, let us be sure to aim just as high in one method as in the other.

It may be that Germany is going to develop into a first class colonizing and civilizing power in Africa. But the world has not been much impressed with its incipient efforts in that direction, and the lately reported orders which are said to have stirred with new life the slave trade have an ugly and unpropitious look. German commerce thus far in Africa has been lucrative in the export of very poor liquor; whether poorer than that from other countries, we do not know, but very poor. If now it is going to take a temporizing policy in regard to the "open sore" of the Dark Continent, the prospect for that part of our world grows heavy and sorrowful. Still, there is so much that is noble in the German people, and apparently something sympathetic with humanity in the Emperor, and there are few but warm voices raised by the friends of missions in influential places, that we may hope that the first reports from Zanzibar give us the unfavorable aspect, which will ere long be changed to the better. Indeed, the latest despatch denies that any sanction to the slave trade has been given. Anyway, it is our American turn now. Once Europe reproached us for our countenance of slavery. It cannot expect us to see the shield of protection extended over it without our crying, Shame!

THE GRACE OF THE BELIEVER.

BY REV. GEO. H. LEE.

Moody exclaims, "How little we know of the absolute freeness of God's grace, of receiving the wealth of God for no return!" One way to appreciate it will be learning to show grace ourselves. Remember, first, its definition, *Grace is unrequited mercy.* It is love, not merely undeserved, but unrequited, unreturned, unappreciated, undesired, yet love without which catastrophe alone would be our destiny.

Now if God has this, if this is what *grace* means, and if we are followers of God, we must learn the meaning and sweetness of His *grace* by showing it in our daily lives.

Take church work for instance. A common complaint is that so much of our church work does not pay. Both kinds, namely the work proper for the church and humanity, and the services of the sanctuary, come in for a share in this complaint.

Take the latter, the sanctuary services, for instance. Do any complain what profit is it that we pray? Do any of our church members say, Of what use is the prayer meeting?

If so, think a minute of what it means to literally to worship God with *grace*. Of course it may be doubted whether our loving approaches to God ever are unrequited, our prayers unanswered, yet they may some time seem so. But if they do, is it not worshipping with *grace* in our hearts only when we offer prayers and love alike and freely, not demanding the heavenly return at least at once, but contented and happy, praying because *we love Him anyhow*; praying with *grace* in our hearts, a love which lives, requited or unrequited. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

But far more is the opportunity given for grace in the heart to appear toward our equals, toward our fellows. It is easy to do them a service for which we expect no remuneration in money. But is it as easy to display this kindness where there is no return in affection, or in appreciation? Yet what said our Lord but something that calls us to this very display of grace? "Love your enemies," says he. Show kindness to them who not only do not require it in appreciation or affection, but who have hate only for you.

Now, our religion is worth nothing whatever if it is not an every-day affair. Yet who of us understands the secret of having real grace within us towards each other?

"Oh," says an earnest pastor, "it is not my people's money that I want. If they would only give me a little tender appreciation, I would be content."

"I can't stand the stupidity and slackness of our people," says a wide-awake worker, and indulging in this feeling, he soon joins the listless and discouraged. "If ye love them that love you, what reward have ye," asks our Pattern of grace; "do not even publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? (And we all know how we feel when our "good morning" has not been returned.)

FROM PORTLAND, OREGON.

The First church of this city was addressed last Sunday morning by Mrs. Lydia Tichenor Bailey, who, some ten years ago, went from Chicago to Ogden, Utah, under engagement of the New West Education Commission. Amid unusual difficulties and many discouragements, she began her work there with great consecration of purpose, and as the years rolled by she had the satisfaction of seeing that, under God, a good work had been accomplished. At present Mrs. Bailey is working in the interest of the American Home Missionary Society and the Congregational Union. Her address was full of interest and very impressive. Among many other things, Mrs. Bailey said the great obstacle in the way of the mission work, both home and foreign, was the lack of means. In business matters every improvement that this clerical era demanded was made use of, regardless of expense, for it was found that it paid well. In missionary matters the methods of twenty-five to fifty years ago were still in vogue. The Lord's business, she claimed, ought to be transacted in the same degree of business sense that is used in carrying on the world's business. In the hands of Christian people of all denominations in the United States there is about twelve millions' worth of property. This produces an annual income of five hundred millions of dollars. If one-tenth of this was set aside for the Lord's work, there would be fifty millions of dollars to use in the fields constantly crying for help, instead of the ten millions now spent for missionary purposes every year. Not until the right view is taken of this matter and our consciences quickened so that we shall do our whole duty in this matter, may we expect the blessing that we are continually asking for. A strong appeal was made for making the giving more a matter of conscience; for realizing that we were stewards of the Lord's bounty, and would be held responsible for the way in which we used the means placed in our hands, she related how, in response to the many appeals for help from all quarters, that were constantly going up to our central missionary organizations, the secretaries were obliged to give a negative answer in a large proportion of cases. In sharp contrast with this state of affairs was the management of the emissaries in darkness. With them there was no stint of money. Whenever the call was made there was a quick and cheerful response. To give an idea of what a single body of believers might do when thoroughly in earnest, she referred to the church at Hermannsburg, Hanover, which, under the leadership of Pastor Harms, after thirty years of service, reported fifty missionary stations in Africa, five in India, one in Australia and two hundred and nineteen ordained missionaries and 5,000 converts in the foreign field. They built and equipped a missionary vessel, started at home a publishing house for the publication of Christian and missionary literature; founded and supported a home for the helpless and hopeless, and maintained a training-school for lay-workers who wanted to share in the work of evangelization. In this way a weak church may be chosen of God to confound the mighty.

Sunday evening, Mrs. Bailey spoke to the East Portland Congregational church, and created an increased interest in missionary matters.

On last Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Bailey held a meeting at the residence of Pastor Clapp, for the women missionary workers connected with the First church, and on Wednesday evening she delivered an inspiring address at Plymouth church.

It is possible that before long Mrs. Bailey and her husband, both of whom are ordained ministers, may make their home in Oregon. If this be true, they may rest assured of a most hearty welcome, and would be a most valuable addition to the working force of our body of believers. Their presence a few months in the State would awaken an interest in the cause of missions that would be highly gratifying. Mrs. Bailey is certainly a woman of marvelous gifts, and for earnestness and the forcible presentation of her message she can scarcely be excelled.

The preliminary meeting for the organization of a Congregational Club, or similar body, was held after prayer meeting last Tuesday evening. This is an important step, and if wisely planned and earnestly carried out will result in immeasurable good to us as a denomination, and largely assist in enabling us to occupy many hitherto neglected fields. Committees to arrange for the formal organization were chosen, and a meeting will most likely be held in a month to perfect all arrangements. This is not to be a local affair, but is expected to be helpful to every Congregationalist and Congregational church in the State.

During the coming week the seventh annual meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of the Pacific Northwest will be held. The occasion will be one of much interest. A large representation from British Columbia and Washington will be present, and from all indications the sessions will be packed full of interest to all Christian workers from beginning to end.

It would read like a fairy tale, they reached in just a month's time, and a seven months' journey with ox-teams closed. The writer was a bare-foot boy in the company, and during the time he had the best meal of his life—potatoes roasted in the ground and eaten without salt. And still people now-a-days grumble about the hardship of a trip from ocean to ocean in a palace car.

The Congregational church at Ashland held "Harvest Day" services today. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and a beautiful display of fruits, grain and flowers was made. The cause of the American Home Missionary Society was presented by Pastor Webster. In all respects the exercises were full of interest throughout.

GEORGE H. HIMES.
September 21, 1890.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Vigorous Pomona College is coming to the front; why should I not speak of it first? Last week the Board of Trustees convened for their first meeting under President Baldwin. His terse showing of the condition of the College and its present needs was such that it was easy for the Trustees to dispatch their business. A new building for Assembly Hall and recitation rooms was decided upon. Arrangements will be made for a carline to connect Claremont with North Pomona, and so with Pomona, the road to be under the control of the College. The President was authorized to secure a suitable person to have the oversight of the land belonging to the College, and to manage it so that worthy students may have employment and help themselves to an education. It is hoped that an accomplished teacher of the natural sciences may be secured who will be a great acquisition to Pomona. As Prof. Sumner is going East on account of sickness in his family, the sympathy of the Trustees was extended to him, and an indefinite leave of absence was granted. Mrs. Baldwin has already found a sphere of usefulness among the students and opportunities for benevolence. The new term opens with about 75 students, with 17 in the Freshman class. Superintendent Ford's new cottage is nearly finished and ready for Professor and Mrs. Brannan. On last Saturday afternoon the collegiates had a symposium on "Education." An admirable paper was read by Professor Norton on "What is a Practical Education?" Rev. Mr. Colcord, the Monrovia pastor, is already giving almost all of his week-day time to Pomona College. As soon as his church secures a pastor he will remove to Claremont, and give his entire time to the students.

At the first communion of the newly-formed church at Rialto six new members were received, four on confession of faith. September 7th three united with the First Congregational church, Los Angeles, one on confession of faith. Last Sabbath nine were added to the Third Congregational, this city, seven on confession of faith, and one infant was baptized. The pastor, in giving the new members the right hand of fellowship, also gave each a copy of the New Testament marked with an altar-verse. This church took up a \$200 collection for the A. H. M. Society. They hope to give an equal amount every communion Sabbath, and with the help of the ladies to raise \$250 for home missions during the church year.

September 7th the Vernon church received three on confession and three by letter. Last Friday Pastor Rawson's people had a Sunday-school picnic at Redondo Beach, with about 100 present. The new church at Santa Monica is moving on, and gaining in strength and influence under Pastor Kimball. The ladies of the First church, Los Angeles, have decided to carpet the Sunday school room with body Brussels, and have most of the money for it in hand.

Rev. R. M. Webster of Long Beach is delivering Sabbath evenings, in Temperance Temple, this city, three lectures on Nationalism.

Rev. W. H. Wolcott has resigned his charge at South Riverside. He expects to leave his field about October 1st to reside temporarily at Ontario. Two years ago, when he began at South Riverside, there were only three or four resident members; now there are about 40. The church building has been greatly improved, and the outlook for the church is more hopeful than ever in its history.

Rev. J. L. Russell, Presbyterian, has declined his call to the Lowry Hill Congregational church, Minneapolis.

Rev. C. S. Vaile of Nordhoff is recruiting and taking observations at Monrovia, Pomona College, Ontario, Santa Monica, Los Angeles and San Diego. By the way, the Ojai Valley, in which Nordhoff nestles, this year furnishes the rest of creation with 20 tons of dried apricots, and ten tons of nectarines, not to speak of a heavy crop of peaches and prunes. Some apricot orchards in that valley have netted \$300 this season. They have also two oil wells, and a gypsum mine, from which 10 tons are daily shipped to San Francisco via Ventura.

Some citizens of San Diego have sent to the Sandwich Islands for 4,000 pineapple plants. They propose to raise this fruit in South San Diego. It is claimed that a better flavor can here be obtained than from the imported article, because the imported fruit is picked green and ripens in the market. Experiments have been made with coconuts in Elsinore. Vigorous coconut plants seven feet high have been already obtained. This fruit is also to be planted on the sand dunes near San Diego.

Endeavors to raise these tropical fruits in Southern California will be watched with great interest. San Diego will send East this season many carloads of potatoes. The yearly increase in the orange, and all other kinds of fruit and other export crops, together with lower transportation rates, will surely bring to us great prosperity. In this good for tune our churches, it would seem, must certainly share, as soon as debts, recklessly made in boom times, can all be paid off, and our people shall learn to obey the Scripture command, "Owe no man anything," and shall cease to speculate, but depend only upon legitimate ways of making money. So much trouble and loss has come through the real estate craze that the name of the boom has come to be hateful.

Perhaps some young people may read this letter. We rejoice that some of our Los Angeles youth are qualifying themselves for usefulness. Willie J. Hutchins, son of Dr. Hutchins, is preparing for the ministry. After two years in Oberlin College he enters the junior class at Yale. The only son of Judge J. L. Cochran, who was engaged for a time in Y. M. C. A. work in Ventura, is preparing for the ministry at McCormick Seminary, Chicago. Rev. J. L. Russell, pastor of Presbyterian church, has a son who is inclined to the ministry. He is now studying at Princeton College. Russ Avery, one of the young men of the First Congregational church, this city, enters this fall the Freshman class of the State University at Berkeley. We trust he will find good friends and enter on a noble career. Miss Sarah Bixby, also of the First church, and active in our Endeavor Society, has joined Wellesley College, Mass. We trust we have many more in our Endeavor Societies who will consecrate themselves to the holy work of saving the world during the present generation.

An attempt is to be made to introduce THE PACIFIC, our Pacific Coast newspaper, into many new homes. We bespeak the kindly co-operation of pastors and others in Los Angeles. Let us open new doors of usefulness to this Christian evangel.

W. A. JAMES.
LOS ANGELES, Sept. 20, 1890.

Passing.

A PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

BY REV. L. F. BICKFORD.

Like birds of passage life's treasures fly
With messages freighted of the by and by;
Like doves to their windows, they will all flock home
When the dawn of God's great day shall come.
Like gems of Orient, most rich and rare,
They shall shine in the Saviour's diadem fair,
To tell of the love of pre-destined worth,
That took them safe home from the lowly earth.
Safe sheltered with Christ we shall find them at last,
When the pain and shadow of earth are past.
Let us live with pure hearts, let us walk with the Lord,
Let us trust with assurance His unchangeable Word.
And press on in the race with glad joyous feet
Till we stand in the presence of Christ complete.

Oh, wondrous hour! Oh, glorious day
When the shadows of earth are passed away,
And we shall stand with the sinless throng
Hymning his praise in an endless song.
Who bought us and brought us one by one
To the tawny land of the fadeless sun!
Without one lacking may we all be there,
And the infinite wealth of his glory share,
So free from all pain, so free from all woe,
While the measureless ages shall come and go.

And we'll not forget, shall we, friends so dear,
The times gone by when the Lord drew near
And touched our hearts with the holy flame,
As we spoke together the sacred name.

We'll not forget the hand that led
From sorrow's vale, and kindly led
On our drooping spirits the healing balm,
And spoke to our hearts the word of calm,
And gave us songs in the night of pain,
And turned our grief into joy again?

Oh, no! they all shall remembered be,
When we gather at Heaven's great jubilee;
When we stand together on the sunlit shore,
We shall sing his praises forevermore.

And the song shall echo thro' the skies
To the praise of the Lord of Paradise.
We shall seek each other face to face,
Saved, brought home through God's great grace.

We say not, "Farewell," but "Good-night,
May the Lord on each of you shed his smile,
And give you peace till that day shall come
When, with life's work done, He shall call us all home.

WESTMINSTER, Aug. 31st.

PARADISE.

The Rev. W. H. Tubb has been with us for fourteen days holding a protracted meeting, and the quiet, unassuming manner in which he earnestly and forcibly presents the simple gospel of Christ is winning its way to many thoughtful minds. There have been a number of conversions, and the interest is deepening from day to day. One of the results of the spiritual awakening is that professors of religion are aroused to their responsibility and brought to face the necessity of building a church.

The subscriptions thus far for this purpose have been beyond our expectations. One widow who had no money to give donated five acres of valuable land near town fronting the main street. The Sunday-school scholars have caught the enthusiasm, and are working hard to earn money for the church building fund.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D.D.

WOMAN'S STATE HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

President, Mrs. M. L. Merritt, 686 Thirtieth St., Oakland.
Vice-President, Mrs. L. W. Eckley, 609 Hyde street, San Francisco.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. L. F. Eastman, 516 Valencia street, San Francisco.
Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1393 Harrison street, Oakland.
Recording Secretary, Miss Grace E. Barnard, 1457 Castro street, Oakland.
New societies being formed, please report themselves at once to the Secretary of the W. S. H. M.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

ORGANIZED MAY, 1889.
President, Mrs. E. C. Cash, 95 Temple St., Los Angeles.
Vice-President, Mrs. John P. Stearns, Santa Barbara.
Secretary, Mrs. H. K. W. Bent, Box 449, Pasadena.
Treasurer, Mrs. H. W. Mills, 217 South Olive street, Los Angeles.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE CALIFORNIA HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY

To the Churches within its bounds send greeting—and asks attention to the following facts: Most of the Congregational churches of California are the children of the American Home Missionary Society. To nearly all of them she still is, a nursing mother. They are making some returns to the treasury of the Society of the benefactions they are receiving or have received in time past, but all which has thus far been returned is but a fraction of what has been expended by the Society in our State. The undersigned have been appointed a Committee to represent to the churches of the Association of Northern and Central California the urgent necessity for a special effort on their part to increase their contributions to this great cause. While the revenue of the parent society is increasing, the demands upon it are increasing still more. The incoming of a flood of immigration from the old world; the constant transfer of population from the old country at the East to the newly opened regions of the Northwest and Southwest; the felt necessity of meeting these new comers with the Gospel and its blessings, and so to save these rapidly growing portions of our country for Christ and his Church, make demands upon the Society so strong that it is almost impossible to deny them, and yet without increased contributions from the churches they cannot be met.

May we not ask the question: Have the churches of California done, and are they doing their share in this great work? Is it not possible that, having received aid heretofore, we are in danger of being too content to continue to receive it? or, if we have reached the "self-sustaining" position to congratulate ourselves upon that fact without much effort beyond? California, having just celebrated her fortieth anniversary, is ceasing to be a new State, and it is certainly a rich and prosperous one. We know that many of our churches are small and poor—that many of them, particularly in the mountain districts, may of necessity long continue to be in part missionary churches; but it is scarcely possible that many of our churches are not now sharing to some extent in the extraordinary agricultural prosperity of the State. If so, should we not, with thankfulness for the past, be inspired with a sanctified ambition to the greatest possible extent to relieve the Society from our claims upon it, and then contribute as the Lord has prospered us to enable it to do new work where it is urgently needed?

Estimates, carefully made and revised, make the amount needed for our work in the year ending April 1st, 1891, \$18,893. The appropriation of the parent society is \$9,700, leaving the sum of \$9,193, which must be raised by our churches, or the work must sorely suffer. Should there be any difficulty in raising such a sum in our churches? It seems to us that if an earnest effort should be made by every pastor to inform his people as to the Home Mission cause, its history, its grand results, its imperative claims on Christian sympathy and support, it can be done. We will not assume to divide or allot this sum among the churches, for we should inevitably mistake and misjudge. But we ask each church in the Association to consider the situation earnestly and prayerfully and then decide, in the love of Christ and his church, how large a sum they can undertake to contribute the present year, and report the same as speedily as possible to our Corresponding Secretary, Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D., No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, San Francisco. In behalf of the Ex. Com., Wm. C. Pond, Chairman.

IRA P. RANKIN, Sec'y Finance Com.
7 Montgomery Ave., San Francisco,
Sept. 19th, 1890.

GENERAL ASSOCIATION.

The General Association of Congregational churches of California will hold its regular annual meeting with the Congregational church in Santa Rosa, Tuesday, September 30, 1890, 10 A. M.

Congregational ministers, regularly ordained, and connected with some one of our local ministerial associations, are members of this association; and any churches formed on Congregational principles are entitled to two delegates, and one additional delegate for each fifty members in excess of one hundred. Each member of this Association shall be a member of a Congregational church within its limits.

The annual sermon will be preached by Rev. W. W. Scudder of San Francisco on the evening of the same day.

at 10:30 J. H. WARREN, Registrar.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Publication Company of THE PACIFIC will be held in Room 23, No. 7 Montgomery avenue, this city, on Thursday, September 25, 1890, at 3:30 P. M. JOHN KIMBALL, Secy.

Rev. M. S. Hartwell made an interesting address before the last Monday Club on "Congregationalism in Washington." Rev. Joseph Rowell will open the discussion next week on "The Present Needs of Our Churches."

Rev. E. R. Brainerd preached in Plymouth church, this city, last Sabbath. His evening subject was "Dangers and Rewards in the Christian Conflict."

Dr. Pond's evening subject in Bethany church was the seventh in a series on the Book of Daniel, "Daniel in the Lion's Den."

Rev. M. S. Hartwell preached in Howard Presbyterian church.

Rev. E. C. Oakley's subjects at Plymouth-avenue were "The Shut Door" and "I am a Perfect Beauty" from the text Ezek. xii: 3. Congregations were very good and the people are delighted with the organ. The concert on Friday evening was a grand treat. A council is called to meet next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock to examine and install Bro. Oakley as pastor of the church.

Rev. W. H. Cooke's subject at Golden Gate church was "Jonah Asleep."

Rev. Geo. B. Allen preached at Lorin from the text "We know," subject, "How We Know." In the evening the house was crowded at a meeting of the W. C. T. U., with an address by Mrs. Dr. Young.

Rev. H. L. Bates preached to his people at Petaluma, on "Things to Regret and Things not to Regret."

Rev. L. L. Wirt preached for Brother Barber at Crockett in the morning, and in the afternoon organized a Sabbath-school of seventy at Port Costa.

Rev. C. W. Hill tendered his resignation as pastor of our First church in San Jose last Sabbath morning, to take effect on the last of December.

Rev. Wm. E. Dawson, late of Taylor church, Seattle, accepted a call to the East Tacoma Congregational church, and has already moved into their parsonage.

Rev. Geo. H. Lee of Pendleton, Oregon, has received a call to the Taylor church, Seattle. It is hoped that he will accept.

The fall meeting of the Santa Clara District Association to be held at San Jose is postponed from September 23d to October 28th and 29th.

Last Monday afternoon a council met at Ocean View in this county to recognize the newly formed Union Congregational church. The usual services were held in the evening.

EASTERN.

The church at Waseca, Minn., has a time of revival.

Dr. Alfred Stevens has been pastor of the church in West Westminster, Vt., forty-eight years.

Eighty-four have been received into the church at Sauk Center, Minn., in the last five months.

Olive Branch Church, St. Louis, is connected with Pilgrim church. Its work is with Germans.

The church in Wallace, Missouri, has four Sunday-schools in the county. The pastor preaches at these stations often.

The First church, Appleton, Wis., has two chapels at some distance from its house of worship. Its Sunday-schools number over 800.

A church in connection with the Fremont street Mission was recently organized in Detroit, Mich. The mission has services in German, Polish and English.

The fine new stone house of the church in Sioux City, Ia., has been dedicated. It will seat on the main floor and galleries nine hundred. Every fifth seat is free.

A new chapel has been built for, and steps have been taken to organize, the Lowry Hill church, Minneapolis. In the same city a lot has been bought for a chapel where services will be held for Norwegians.

Murat Halstead is a shining type of the working journalist. He lives at the Brevoort House in New York. Every morning he is at the Standard Union office in Brooklyn by 8 o'clock, and sometimes earlier. A dozen pencils have been sharpened for him, and he throws off his coat and plunges into work without any fussy preliminaries. He writes steadily until 1:30 P. M. The result is over a half page of strong yet graceful expressions of editorial opinions. Then Mr. Halstead writes a column—often a two-column—letter to his Cincinnati paper. This he sends every day, Sunday included.—Independent.

Three agents have been in town this week, wanting to buy 200 tons of pears, on the trees, at \$75 a ton. They demand, however, that the fruit shall be free from the Codlin moth and other imperfections. There's about five hundred dollars an acre for pears at this price.—Pomona Progress.

A monstrous brass casting was successfully run at a foundry in Pittston, Pa., the other day. It is a pump chamber weighing 6,000 pounds. It took three men nearly a month to build the mold, and the material cost \$1,500.

A BIBLE-STUDY CLASS.

BY REV. E. C. OAKLEY.

I have had it impressed very forcibly upon my mind that the Bible is a book of power, and that an intimate knowledge of the Bible is able to make an otherwise weak man a strong preacher. This has sometimes been so startlingly apparent as to make me think that I had underrated some other talent of the preacher, for I have been loath to believe that so much strength could come out of a book, though that book be the Bible. But there are instances so undeniable of the efficiency of the Scriptures to make a man a giant that I cannot but desire for myself a more thorough acquaintance with this book, and for others, to be able to lead them to the same fountain of wisdom and strength. I confess that I have been humiliated at times by the unpurposed revelation of my own ignorance of the Scriptures, by some traveling evangelist, whose only stock in trade was a certain familiarity with a few of the Bible's teachings. But he was familiar with the Bible within those limits. The Bible was his only book. And while he was narrow perhaps, and shallow perhaps, and crude perhaps, he, nevertheless, had power with the people, and the common people went to his meetings, and heard him gladly. And he had also one seal of a thorough ministry—that is, conversions.

I have noticed, also, that these men do not merely have a collection of texts, which they have memorized, and arranged so as to sprinkle them along their discourse at proper intervals and in a kind of logical order; but their preaching has been scriptural in its spirit, and the texts have not been forced into the sermon from without, but have appeared in the sermon as if drawn by some magnetic power within the sermon itself. So that their familiarity with God's Word was rather of a spiritual than of an intellectual nature. I have also noticed, and been as strongly impressed with the fact, that there is great ignorance of the Scriptures among Christians. Many seem to have but a very meager acquaintance with the Bible, entering in a very small degree into its spirit, and knowing very little about its teaching. And even those who seem to be best informed concerning this Book of the Church, in most instances, are found only to have proven to be very good sponges; for the most of their knowledge has come to them by absorption. They have successfully soaked up a great deal of the Bible, from the preacher or the Bible-reader or the evangelist. They have done no true Bible-studying. In fact there are many in our churches who do not understand really what Bible study is; and how can they know the way? They are often willing to come to a clearer and more substantial apprehension of the Scriptures; but what shall they do; where shall they begin; what are the first steps? Being ignorant of methods, and in large measure of the thing they want, and lacking leaders, they have gone back to old methods, and been satisfied with the old poverty.

Now, all of this is true, in the face of the fact that this is a Bible age; a time when the Bible has free circulation in most of the lands of the world; a time when the Bible is printed in a multitude of forms; when a Bible can be purchased with the money that an ordinary smoker smokes up in a single day; a time when Bibles can be had merely for the asking; it is also an age of Bible-readings, Bible-literature, normal classes, Sunday-schools, and a thousand other agencies for the closest familiarity with the Holy Scriptures of God. It would appear that there is a lack of Bible-study not so much in spite of these agencies, as on account of them. These things have been allowed to crowd out the study of the Word. For although these things may be successfully employed as adjuncts to a thorough investigation of the Scriptures, they cannot take the place of it. Bible-study is an independent thing. The individual does it, and none can do it for him. It is different from the ordinary Bible-teaching in our Sunday-schools, as searching for fossils and finding them, and examining them in their localities and relationships, is different from receiving a cabinet already classified and prepared.

We have a great deal of Bible cramming, and in a way it is all right and very beneficial. This is generally the process found in our Sunday schools and Bible-readers' conventions. But it is not Bible searching. We have a great deal of study about the Bible, but it is all around and about it; it is not in it. This is the process in normal classes; and the real work of our Bible helps in the hands of our Sunday-school scholars is of this nature. This is all right and certainly valuable; but the essential thing we lack, and that is what we can call definitely Bible study—a study direct of the Scriptures, by themselves.

Impressed more or less by these facts, the writer with one friend purposed making a systematic study of the Bible during the winter months. Hardly had the purpose been formed than a request came from two or three young people to be allowed to join in that study, and hardly had these been welcomed before others sought the same privilege, until by growth, rather than by any organizing, a Bible-study class of some fifteen to twenty attendants was formed, which held its sessions, as a rule, once a week, during the months between the middle of September and the middle of the following July. The time occupied was two hours every evening. In about six or seven instances the meetings were multiplied to two in a week, so as to

cover the work we had mapped out. The attendance was purely voluntary, and was remarkably regular. The interest was altogether in Scripture study, for there was nothing else about these meetings to make them attractive. The interest soon reached a high point and remained there in spite of the hot weather of June and July in the San Bernardino valley.

The benefits from this class cannot be told, but I am sure there is not a member of that class who will ever forget the religious enthusiasm created in each heart by those meetings, and, without doubt, the insight into a true method of Bible study gained in that class is and always will be of immense service to all of its members, in their relations with the Bible.

The class was not a discovery, nor an invention, but merely a growth. But after we had been at work for some weeks there were recognized among us certain principles, and it is these that I desire to give you, more than to report the work of the class.

In the first place, we laid down the idea that one's own opinion upon the Scripture was as good as another's. The Bible is a book for all. It is not the work of a theological seminary; it does not need the interpreting of the priest; but every one who is a sincere follower of Jesus Christ, and who comes humbly to this blessed book, may know that he is equipped best if equipped by the Holy Spirit for an understanding of the Word. And every one has the right to regard his own prayerful and humble opinion received from this Word as good as another's.

We went a step further, and were bold enough to hold that for you, your own opinion is the best. We do not mean that any one man has all the truth, nor that any one is to hold that he is right and others are wrong; but it is best to have an opinion derived from personal investigation of the Word, and to have it one's own opinion even though it be not altogether true. There has been too much leaning upon the authority of some scholar or commentator or preacher—what does Meyer say about it, what does Godet say, what does the minister think? As a class we said that we did not care what they said or thought. We would rather not know; what we sought to know was what the Scriptures say to us individually. The voice of God to each of us out of his Word is the best voice we can hear. And though our ears might be somewhat deaf to that voice, and we mistake the message a great deal, we would rather hear what little we do of God's message than to hear a great deal of Godet's message. Your opinion is the best for you.

A third thought we had was that every member of the class was bound to get some opinion from the passage under consideration. It is so easy to be lazy. I suppose the majority of people are by nature inclined to lean on others. They have a natural distrust of themselves, and a real distaste for their own thinking, and as a result they do not think. Now, Bible study is essentially an individual act, so that to do it the individual must think and form opinions of the Word.

Fourthly, not only is each one bound to have an opinion, but he is also bound to express it when called for. The opinion must be formulated enough in the mind to bear of expression, and it was our practice to call very frequently for the statement of individual opinion around the class. Whenever hard questions came up for our examination each member was asked to give his own thought. It was pleasant to find so much independence of thinking in the class.

The fifth idea easily follows what has been said, and that was that there was to be no teacher of the class. There was a leader, but he was no more than that. He simply held the reins to guide the exercises of the evening. But he was not an instructor. Inasmuch as he was a minister, he was exempted from expressing any opinion upon disputed matters, and invariably answered no questions put to him by the class. His only answer was to ask different members to give their answer, often asking the very one who had put the question to give the first answer; and by the fourth rule, an answer must be given. I believe much of the success of the class depended upon the strict enforcement of this rule, that there should be no teacher.

And the next idea follows the preceding: No commentaries should be consulted upon the passage under consideration; and no outside help sought, either before or during the class. After we had studied a portion of Scripture, and had finished our class work, we would sometimes pass references around the class for future study, and the results would be brought into the next meeting upon the past work. But our work for the evening was unhampered by any outside wisdom. We were studying the Scriptures directly and primarily.

And, in this line, our seventh rule was that everything should be brought to the test of the Scriptures themselves. Inasmuch as we were studying the Bible, not only above every other book, but exclusive of every book, we proposed to accept nothing which we did not find taught directly here. Oftentimes some exposition of Scripture-teaching would be offered from the memory of past reading of some Bible commentators; but the venturesome student would be compelled to seek out in the Book of books his right to such an exposition. Whatever theory was presented, whatever

opinion held, whatever chronological order adopted—in short, whatever conclusion arrived at, all must be easily traceable from Scripture. By this rule we avoided a great deal of outside discussion and theorizing, and had a short cut to the admissibility or non-admissibility of all proposed explanations.

These were the principles, so far as I can formulate them: 1. Your opinion is as good as any one's. 2. It is for you the best. 3. You are bound to have an opinion. 4. You are bound to express your opinion when asked. 5. No one shall teach the class. 6. No outside help shall be employed. 7. All things shall be brought to the test of the Scriptures.

Better rules might have been made; but with these, and the class as it happened to form itself, the results were very marked for good in many ways. It was remarked during that winter that the amusement question was no anxiety either to the pastor or to the young people. It was also noticed that there was an intense interest in the Sunday-school work as a result of that Bible-study. Many other good results might be traced to the class.

It was a gratifying commendation of the work of the class to find that the knotty problems found in the Gospel of Mark were generally solved by the class in accordance with the thought of the best commentators.

I am persuaded that many Christians need just such work as was done in that class. About the only way for any one to learn how to study the Bible is to study it, rather than be given rules and regulations as to method. So, in order to help them to do this useful thing, there ought to be a practice class on this very work. Perhaps the best merit of the class I am telling you of was this one fact, that it put the young people at the work they desired to do, but had hitherto been unable to do, on account of not knowing how to do it.

PLYMOUTH-AVENUE CHURCH, Oakland.

RITZVILLE.

DEAR PACIFIC: Last evening, September 12th, as the retiring pastor of the First church of Ritzville was sitting in his easy chair, meditating over the past and thinking of the future, he was suddenly aroused by the tramp of many feet; nearer and yet nearer they came, and stopped at last in front of the parsonage door. The door was opened and a long line of the many friends in Ritzville presented itself. The pastor was surprised; he looked in vain for the end of the column, but it was out of sight; the parsonage rooms were filling up, and still they came; things began to look serious; finally, some one threw open the sliding-doors of the church, and the friends adjourned to the chapel-room; then the cause of the gathering became apparent. After a short period of welcome and hand-shaking, Mr. R. C. Egbers took the floor, and in a neat and appropriate speech presented to the pastor and wife, in behalf of the people as a token of esteem and love, a silver cake basket, a silver butter dish, a cabinet album, several dollars, and a dress pattern for the youngest member of the Singer family. The pastor endeavored to respond, but the overwhelming surprise of the occasion almost robbed him of expression. One thought especially comes to us, that we have done nothing to deserve such kindness, and a wish came to meet the thought that we might have done better.

Last Sabbath closed a service of three years with the people of Ritzville—three years of pleasant labor. Many have responded to the gospel tidings, and all have been anxious to hear, as the crowded house upon the Sabbath would indicate. The pastor has declined the urgent call to remain, in order to take up the work for the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society for Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho, trusting that he may do more good and accomplish more for God's kingdom. The spiritual life of the church and their kindness on all occasions makes it a difficult task to say farewell; but we feel as though we should see the members quite often in our new work; therefore, the parting will not be a complete separation. Sept. 13, 1890. E. J. S.

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

Nine water companies supply London with water.

In a single day this summer Los Angeles has shipped East as many as 210 carloads of canned goods and dried fruits.

If pure milk only were sold in London, it is estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000 more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply.

The Mayor of Altoona, Pa., has caused the cigar stores and ice-cream saloons of that city to be closed on Sunday, and expects to keep them closed.

An Englishman has bought a part of Mount Olympus to prevent its desecration by an enterprising firm, which proposed to erect a hotel upon it.

In their recent State Convention, the Maryland Prohibitionists declared themselves, for the first time, in favor of woman suffrage. This was done on motion of Hon. Wm. Daniel.

Bishop Blythe, of Jerusalem, says there are now in Palestine double the number of Jews that returned from the Babylonian captivity, and that the "latter rains," which had been withheld since the times of the exile, have been granted again during the last two years.

Miss'y S. S. Work.

This department is opened and conducted in the interest of our Pacific Coast Sunday-Schools. A letter or article from some one of our District Superintendents will appear each week. An invitation is also extended to pastors, Sunday-School superintendents, or others, to contribute any articles or items of interest to this column.

C. S. S. & P. S. DIRECTORY.

District Superintendents—Rev. H. P. Case, Los Angeles, Box 1863 (So. Cal.); Rev. Samuel Greene, 3206 Fourth Street, Seattle, Washington; Rev. W. S. Bell, Helena, Mont.; Rev. Loyal L. Wirt, 757 Market Street, San Francisco (Central and North, Cal.); Rev. Chas. H. Curtis, Portland, Ore.; Rev. R. A. Rowley, Edmonds, Wash.

SULTAN CITY.

EDITORS PACIFIC: In regard to the work at Sultan City, I would say that place is at the junction of two rivers—Sultan river and Skykomish rivers. It is sixteen miles from Snohomish, but it takes the mail stage just six hours to make the trip. This city is the strategic point for an immense district beyond, lying at the north of the Great Cady Pass, and lying also in such a position that all the travel to and fro between the Sultan gold mines and the Silver Creek silver mines must pass its doors. It is a new town—a city. Last year there was but one hotel, a small affair, also two houses. To-day twenty-seven houses, two hotels, twelve houses under contract to build, one saw mill, etc. One year ago there were eighteen children in the school district; to-day one hundred and ten. The schoolhouse was built for the eighteen. It is 12 x 16, but fifty people got in or about the door for meetings I held night after night. A good woman had united with others in forming a Sunday-school. It was a union school, as the members were from all folds—some Methodist Episcopal, some Baptist, some Presbyterian while the leader was Congregational bred and born. That means a worker. I saw there was an open door for work at that place, and so held nightly service—six meetings—and as a result organized a Congregational church of eleven.

The gentleman who owns the town, gave two lots and \$50 in money toward a building, and the mill owner \$100 in lumber, and I also obtained \$200 in subscriptions. A contract for a building was let, lots were being cleared, lumber on the ground and men at work on it the day I left the town.

The building was to be enclosed the 25th day of August, and the ladies proposed to have the balance required of the \$500 needed raised before that date. We shall ask \$500 of the building society. The last night in town I had a song service, and while that was in progress, men from the mill, after a day's work, came up to the lots which are adjacent, and began boring holes in the stumps and bursting them with powder. Our songs were encored by bursting logs, sounds little less than a cannon. The best of feeling existed; everybody ready to do something. One boy of thirteen came to me and said he must do something, and proposed to cut down a tree that was in the way. I accepted his proposal, and he did it very nicely. Quite a number who can lay shingles proposed to do something in that way to aid the work on the building, so they may call it our church. Surely God will give them something in a spiritual gift from the pulpit of that church when finished. I have three points near where I hope to establish Sunday-schools, and as a pastor is promised at once, I hope our work there will show grand results in the near future. Truly yours, (Rev.) R. A. ROWLEY, Miss'y C. S. S. and P. S.

The present Harpers are grandsons of the original printers, but they retain their adherence to the craft. They are still printers, and each one of the family that intends entering the firm must first learn the trade. He starts as an apprentice and is not admitted to the firm until he has mastered the craft.

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Our Young Folks.

In Peace.

How shall I serve my father's land?
There are no battles to be won,
No deeds that heroes might have done,
No lives to give at her command.

Nay, none of these—but lives to live,
Within, of gentle soul and pure,
Within, of zeal and courage sure
For all the best that life can give.

And then to crown the finished span,
To honor country and her dead,
I were meet enough that it be said:
He lived a true American.

—Youth's Companion.

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF ROB CRAIG.

The house seemed very still that morning. Father Craig had gone to Boston on the early train, and Mother Craig had been called from her breakfast to go to Aunt Phebe Peggy, who was surely going to die this time.

But Rob did not mind being left. As soon as his breakfast was well swallowed, he took his rifle out on the south porch to give it a good cleaning, for he had laid out a famous day's sport.

His mother always looked very sober when the rifle was brought out, for her tender heart was sorely hurt when any little wild thing came to harm through it; but Rob's favorite uncle had sent it to him the Christmas before, and his father approved of it as one of the ways to make a boy manly. So his mother said very little, except now and then to plead gently the cause of those who could not plead for themselves.

So Rob sat there, rubbing and cleaning, whistling merrily and thinking of the squirrel's nest he knew of, and the rabbit tracks of which Johnny Bullard had told him. He whistled so shrilly that presently a broad-brimmed hat appeared around the corner of the house. There was a little girl under the hat, but you didn't see her at first.

"Sh! Robbie," she said, holding up a small forefinger. "Amy Louise is dreadful bad with her head, and I'm trying to get her asleep."

"Why don't you put a plantain leaf on her head? Plantain's prime for headaches," said Rob.

"Would you please get me one, Robbie?" pleaded the trusting little body. "Mamma said for me not to go away from the house, and Nora is cross this morning."

"Time was precious just then, but this one sister was very dear, so laying down his rifle, Rob ran over the meadow across the road, and brought back a huge plantain leaf, which he bound carefully upon the head of Amy Louise, quite extinguishing that suffering doll, but to the infinite content of the little girl. Then he went back to the porch, and took up his rifle again, looking admiringly at the shining barrel and polished stock.

"Now, Mr. Squirrel," he said, "look out for yourself, for I'll have a crack at you presently."

And he leaned back against the side of the porch to plan his route, for the day was too hot for any unnecessary steps. Just then he heard a click, and looked around straight into the barrel of another rifle.

"My rifle said Rob. "That's a pretty careless thing to do."

But the big man holding the rifle did not move, and kept his finger on the trigger. He was a stranger to Rob, and, under the circumstances, the most unpleasant one he had ever met.

"Will you please lower your gun? You might shoot me," said Rob, trying to speak bravely, but with a queer feeling under his jacket.

"That's what I came for," said the man.

"Come to shoot me?" cried Rob.

"What have I done?"

"Nothing that I know of," answered the man, indifferently; "but the boys do a great deal of mischief. They steal fruit, and break windows, and make horrid noises. Besides, there are a great many of them, and they might overrun us if we didn't thin them out now and then."

Rob was horrified. Without doubt the man was an escaped lunatic, and right around the corner of the house was Ethel, likely to appear at any minute. Just then the man spoke again.

"Besides, it's necessary to kill to get food."

If Rob had not been so frightened he would have laughed as he thought of his wily little frame with scarcely a spare ounce of flesh on it, but he answered meekly, "But I'm not good to eat."

"No," said the man. "You'd be tough eating."

"And my clothes wouldn't be worth anything to you," said Rob, glancing quickly over his worn suit.

"No," with indifference. "But I came out for a day's sport, and you're the first game I've seen, so I may as well finish you and look farther. I saw some small tracks around here, and again that horrible click."

"Oh," cried poor Rob, "don't shoot me! I'm the only boy my father and mother have, and they'd miss me dreadfully."

"Pshaw!" said the other. "They won't mind it much, and besides I'm coming around in a day or two to shoot them."

"Shoot my father and mother?" gasped Rob. "You wouldn't do such a wicked thing!"

"Why, yes, I would," laughed the dreadful man. "They are bigger and better than you, and their clothes are worth more. I've had my eye on this family for some time, and I may as well begin now."

It seemed to Rob as if his heart stopped beating; then he cried out, "Please, please don't kill me. I'm so young, and I want to live so much."

The big man laughed derisively. "Do you think I shall find any game that doesn't want to live? What do you suppose I own a gun for if I am not to use it?"

Somehow, even in his terror, his argument had a familiar sound. Just then the big man took deliberate aim. Rob gave one look at the landscape spread out before him. It was so pleasant, and life was so sweet! Then he shut his eyes. Bang!

When he opened his eyes, he saw only the old south porch, with the top tassels dancing and swinging, and his rifle fallen flat on the floor. It was all a horrid dream, from which his fallen rifle had awakened him. But the first thing he did was to peep around the corner of the house to assure himself of Ethel's safety. Yes, there was the broad-brimmed hat flapping down the garden-walk, attended by the cat and her two kittens, and lame old Beppo, the dog.

Rob did not take up his beloved rifle. Resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands, he sat looking off over the fields, while a serious thinking went on under his curly thatch, and his thoughts ran something like this:

"I wonder if the birds and squirrels felt as frightened as I did. I guess they do, for sometimes when I only hurt and catch them their hearts are just thumping. And how cowardly that big man seemed coming out to shoot me—so much smaller; but I'm a great deal bigger than the things I shoot, and we don't use them in any way. Mother won't wear birds' wings, nor let Ethel, and we don't eat them. I guess I've had a warning—a sort of warning. Oh, what if that dreadful man had found Ethel!" and Rob went around the corner of the house.

The procession had just turned, and was coming toward him.

"How is she?" he asked, nodding toward the afflicted Amy Louise, hanging limply over her little mistress's shoulder.

"She's ever so much better. I think she would be able to swing a little—if I held her," with a very insinuating smile.

"Come along, then, little fraud," laughed Rob, turning toward the swing. "But aren't you going shooting, Robbie?"

"No," said Rob, with tremendous emphasis.

When Mrs. Craig came home, tired and sad, in the middle of the afternoon, instead of the forlorn little girl she expected to find wandering about, there was a pleasant murmur of voices on the south porch, where Rob sat mending his kite, while Ethel rocked gently to and fro with Amy Louise and both kittens in her lap.

"You didn't go hunting, then, Robert?" said his mother.

Rob shook his head without giving any reason, but that evening, as Mrs. Craig sat at twilight in her low "thinking chair" by the west window, there was a soft step behind her, a quick kiss on the top of her head, and a note dropped into her lap, and the note said: "I will never again kill any creature for sport, Robert Anderson Craig."

And Robert Anderson Craig is a boy who will keep his word.—*Congregationalist*.

THE CHILD'S OBITUARY.

Ten o'clock in the building of the big city paper, says the *Detroit Free Press*. The electric lights were burning and the whirl of the presses and the click of the types made a busy scene. Editors, reporters, proof-readers were busy preparing the day's doings for the morrow.

The door of the chief's office was pushed carefully open and a blue-eyed, flax-haired maiden of six summers and as many winters entered. Nobody knew how she got there. Nobody saw her climb the stairs or walk through the hall. She was ragged, dirty and had been crying.

"Is you the editor-man?"

"Yes, little one. What can I do for you?"

"Rube is dead, and I thought maybe you'd like to tell about it."

"Who is Rube?"

"Why, didn't you ever hear of Rube?" You see there are so many people that I can't know them all."

The big-bearded man was actually ashamed of his ignorance.

"But Rube wasn't people—he was my brother. He sold papers and blacked boots, and all that. He wasn't very rich, and mother said the city man would bury him; but he was good to me."

"Did you sell papers, too?"

"No, I stayed home. But Rube brought me candy dogs and candy roosters, and licked bad boys that made me cry. And if you'd tell how good he was, maybe they'd think better of him."

"What do you want me to say, little one?"

"Why, that he was twelve years old, and was helping mother, and oh—I don't know! But remember he was always good to me."

Before the little mourner left the office she was the recipient of a handful of coins, donated by the boys of the office, and the big editor ordered the janitor to accompany her home.

Thus it happened that the readers of the great paper were mildly astonished to read on the morning's local page:

DIED—Yesterday, Rube, the news-boy, aged 12 years. He was the support of his widowed mother, and loved his little sister more than his mother. He was buried in the potter's field last night.

SLEIGHT-OF-HAND IN INDIA.

If you want to see curious sleight-of-hand performances you must go to India. No jugglers in the world can compare with those who practice their curious art in that far-away land.

They have neither curtains nor tables, boxes nor drawers, nor do they wear loose embroidered mantles, with large sleeves, as Western wizards usually do. An Indian juggler is clothed only with a strip of muslin fastened around his body. His limbs are bare. He stands in an open court-yard, without a tree, a grass-plot, or the shelter of a tent; and in the midst of a ring of spectators, all gazing at him with intense watchfulness, he calmly performs tricks which look like miracles.

For instance, he extends to you his empty hands. You see that there is nothing in them. He stoops down, picks up two or three pebbles, rubs his hands together, and presently there is a shining silver rupee.

Again he shows you his bare hands, picks up the rupee, breaks it in two, or pretends to do so, and there are two coins. He breaks these again and again, until he has ten or a dozen, and where the money has come from, or where he had it hidden, no mortal can tell.

The basket trick is a favorite and a very mysterious one. The basket is shown you, empty. It is turned upside down in your sight. You know perfectly that there is nothing beneath it; but the juggler sings a little song. "Meeow! meow!" is heard, he lifts the basket and out jumps the cat. Sometimes instead of a dog, or the cooing of a dove, and one of these emerges instead of Madam Puss. More amazing still is it to see puss there by herself at one moment, and the next, on the lifting of the basket, to behold her the center of a happy family, kittens crowding by her side, a bird perched on her head.

Sometimes a child is placed under the basket, and the juggler dances wildly around it, thrusting long lances and knives into the bamboo until blood comes out, and the spectators are horrified. But just as they are ready to interfere, a merry laugh will be heard on the edge of the circle, and there will be a little one quite unhurt; and how he escaped from the basket, or where the red fluid, which looked like blood, came from, is not explained.

A French traveler saw a juggler set a large top spinning on the end of a stick which he balanced on his forehead. The top then stopped revolving, or went on at the word of command, just as if it had been alive. Some of the jugglers dance airily on a loosely fastened rope, their feet bare and earthen jars on their heads. One of them was seen to walk along the rope without a misstep, although buffalo horns were tied to his feet.

I think you will agree with the general opinion that if you want to see really clever tricks you must go to India.—*Exchange*.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

The following rules are given by Charles H. Thomas, in the *Chautauquan*. They are well worthy of study. To gain friends easily is creditable; to keep them after they have been gained is more creditable still.

Do not treat them so that they may suspect that they are friends for revenue only.

Do not talk about yourself. Your friends have a much more exact measure of your powers than you have yourself.

Do not act sour; recollect that vinegar has an affinity for cabbage heads.

Do not hold your friends at arm's length, as if they might be State prison birds in disguise.

Do not hesitate to lend money to your friends when asked for, for no one loves the person who distrusts him.

Do not thrust yourself in; better stay out than be frozen out.

Do not fail to keep your appointments.

Do not sponge.

Do not wait to be teased.

MUSCULAR ACTION AND MENTAL SENSATION.

The outward sign of a joyful emotion is a drawing up of the corners of the mouth. The elevation of the angles of the mouth is the muscular action going parallel with the emotion of joy. The excitation of the nerve center causes the elevators to act. There is but one definite area from which the elevator muscles can be made to act, therefore joyful emotions must start from this center. When, then, a joyful emotion excites this definite portion of gray matter, a nerve current passes to the lower center—the center for the movements of the elevator muscles—and causes them to act. As the brain is a very complex machine, other effects may be produced at the same time, but this one has always been associated particularly with exhilarating emotions. Persons of very cheerful dispositions make the elevators act so frequently that the mechanism of the nerve display is facilitated by constant use, and the center will easier appreciate those special impressions. The elevators will be in time so accustomed to act that they will leave impressions on the face so marked as to enable people to recognize, by mere physiognomical signs, their brethren who are of such disposition. Popular Science Monthly.

There are certain ignoble facts in life which we can best combat by ignoring them. A slight of almost any sort ceases to be when you cease to consider it.—*Howells*.

Trust.

BY I. G. WHITTIER.

A picture memory brings to me:
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But, wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known;
My mother's chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight
A child still groping for the light
To read his works and ways aright.

I bow myself beneath his hand;
The pain itself for good was planned;
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That, as my mother dealt with me,
So with his children dealeth he.

I wait and trust; the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

R. R. Cummins, of the Yellowstone National Park, who has been in Washington for several days, is thus quoted by a local reporter: "I have charge of the construction of roads and hotels in the park, and have been there all winter. We have had fourteen feet of snow on the level, and the drifts of the Lower Basin Hotel, which is now well under way, have been twenty-six feet deep. When I started out, May 5th, the snow was five feet deep. We travel on Norwegian snow-shoes about ten feet long, made of ash and weighing not over a pound apiece. One of my men has made twenty-two miles in three hours on them. We will have eight hotels this season, and expect to accommodate 8,000 visitors. We have a fine iron steamer on the Yellowstone Lake, which we transported in sections over the roughest country you ever dreamed of. The park is a wonderful place. I have sixty photographs of park scenery and animals which would interest you. I have one of a herd of 189 elk, all in a body, and another of thirty-nine buffalo. I am of the opinion that there are not far from 300 buffalo in the park. No gunning of any sort is allowed. We are going to try to provide shelter and hay for the elk and buffalo in winter. They live now by browsing on the knolls when the snow has been blown off, but it is hard lines for them. We are anxious to have the Government help us out in preserving the game."

GLEANINGS.

If thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—*Fuller*.

The smallest act of charity will stand us in great stead.—*Atterbury*.

Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—*Collier*.

The greatest and sublimest power is often simple patience.—*Horace Bushnell*.

A man can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness.—*Carlyle*.

The law shows you that you are not straight; grace straightens you.—*Moody*.

It is a mistake to think that men succeed through success; they much often succeed through failure.—*Samuel Smiles*.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.—*Hume*.

Men often go up to a temptation, from which they should fly, in a self-confident way; and they often fly when they should stand and fight.

Look upon the success and sweetness of thy duties as very much depending upon the keeping of thy heart closely with God in them.—*Flavel*.

The "Smile of God" is the meaning of the name of a beautiful lake in Maine—Winnipisogee. Is not all the beauty of nature but the smile of God?

If a man is dead in sin, our attempting to correct his false notions is like laying a dead man straight who was before lying crooked. The man is dead, and will remain so; though, before, he was lying crooked, and is now lying straight. It matters little what right notions we may have while we are dead in sin; for we shall never act up to them till God awakens our hearts.—*Richard Cecil*.

If the devil rules, the Lord overrules; and hence it is frequently the case that there are two classes of purposes which are being accomplished at the same time. Pharaoh had the purpose of oppression, God had the purpose of deliverance. Judas betrayed his Lord. He was a traitor. He sold his Master for gain, and it would have been good for that man if he had never been born; but outside of it all there had been another purpose.

I compare the troubles which we have to undergo in the course of the year to a great bundle of fagots—far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us first one stick which we are to carry today, and then another which we are to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—*John Newton*.

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Miscellany.

Deaf Beethoven.

His magic fingers wander o'er the keys—
Silent, alas! to him forevermore;
Though, like wave-music on a sun-kissed shore,
The tones float up in wondrous melodies.

O not for him the sense that bears the sound
Of such sweet chords unto the inmost soul!
O not for him the solemn thunder roll
Pealing, in sterner moments, far around!

Nor yet for him to hear the plaudits loud:
Though turning in the pauses of his theme,
As one awakening from a soundless dream,
He sees the passionate gestures of the crowd.

As an Aeolian lyre when winds go by
Wakes to the unseen airs and straightway sings,
Though all unconscious of its own sweet strings,
By him unheard, wakes his own melody.

Or as a forest pine in night's dim shade
Tosses wild arms into the troubled air,
Wailing in strains that seem almost despair,
Yet knows not of the moans itself has made.

Or as a low-voiced stream beneath the moon,
Singing its midnight monotone unseen;
Or as a glistering fall, mid leafage green,
Flooding with melody the woods of June.

Or as the solemn turret-bell, whose tones
Strike the dull air with the beat of doom,
While the close-gathered mourners round the tomb
Strive not to vex the dead with futile moans.

Yet who shall say that in his soul sublime,
Lifted so far above the common earth,
Some inner-sense of joy may not have birth,
Some music all unknown to things of time?

Some melodies which, floating through that soul,
Up to the spirit world unconscious soar;
And garnered in those realms forevermore
May meet him when this earth shall cease to roll?

Denied to him the priceless gift to hear
His own creations. Ah! what glad surprise
When on immortal strings those chords shall rise
Triumphant, as eternity draws near.

Greatest of all! and though his star may shine,
And earth be filled with gladness through its beams,
Yet in God's ways a life of sadness seems
The Nemesis of gifts almost divine.

—Temple Bar.

KEEP INNOCENCY.

Our bodies are our gardens; to which
Our wills are gardeners; so that if we will
Plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop,
And weed up thyme, supply it with one
gender of herbs, or distract it with many,
either to have it sterile with idleness,
or manured with industry, why the power
and corrigible authority of this lies
in our will. If the balance of our lives
had not one scale of reason to poise
another of sensuality, the blood and base-
ness of our natures would conduct us to
most preposterous conclusions. But we
have reason to check our carnal impulse.
"Come, be a man." "It is merely a
lust of the blood and a permission of
the will." Such is the voice of experience
which echoes the teaching of divine
truth, and herein the voice of science,
to which men in these days attach so
vast an importance, is in full accordance
with the voice of Scripture and of ex-
perience. Scripture says, "Blessed are
the pure in heart, for they shall see God."
Science says, as has been well expressed,
"So far from losing by the repression of
the inherited passions, you gain a new
and an unexhausted strength." Science
tells us that a temperate life between
youth and manhood is the surest promise
of great force and firm endurance after-
wards, that the repressed passion is not
lost, but springs up as it were from the
ground in fresh fountains of life and
health. It is an infernal apostasy to im-
agine that sin is ever the source of
strength. Sin is, and of its own nature
always must be, weakness. The ordi-
nary language of the world confesses it to
be so. How does the world describe
men who have lived impure or reckless
lives? What does the word "profligate"
mean but one who has been *profligatus*—
dashed to the ground, utterly routed
and overcome by his own passions? What
does the word "dissolute" mean but
one who has been dissolved, de-
stroyed, melted away? What does the
word *rotten* mean but one who has
been literally broken on the wheel? In
the word "libertine" the world seems to
claim a false freedom, but there is a
grim irony in the claim, because a lib-
ertine, on the contrary, is one who has
given up the freedom of righteousness,
of service, which is perfect freedom, and
has taken in exchange the grinding
tyranny of sin.

I speak to many young men. To
those who are not keeping innocence, or
even trying to keep it, I say a reckless
youth means a rueful age. You are
drawing large profits on the capital of
your life for which you will have to pay
the uttermost farthing—ay, and cent per
cent, interest besides—in your later
years, you are, as Carlyle told you, turn-
ing away in mad waste the divine aromas
and plainly celestial elements from your
existence; you are changing your holy of
holies into a place of riot; you are mak-
ing the soul itself hard, impious, barren;
and you young men who do know how
divine is the blush of innocence on the
youthful cheeks, who are saving the nob-
lest gifts of your youth for God, who
know how high and beneficent as well
as sternly inexorable is the duty herein
laid upon you—yours is the freedom,
yours the blessedness, yours all that is
wise and lovely and of good report!
Theirs, alas! is the stain and the weak-
ness and the gloom and the shame.
That which in the eye of religion is the
highest worship is, it has been said, in
the eye of science the wisest policy.
Scripture speaks of "fleshy lusts that war
against the soul." Science says, with
equal plainness, "If you would make the
most of your life, if you would do your
life's work in the best way, if you would
have nothing to regret in your life after-

ward, if you would leave to your chil-
dren's children a heritage of health and
force, you must be pure, you must ab-
stain, you must give up." Integrity and
purity, so far from meaning weakness,
always mean strength and nobleness.

What, for instance, are we to think of
those who bid young men sow their wild
oats—in other words, indulge freely in
the sins of their youth? We can only
say that by such advice they gratuitously
do the work of the devil—they make
themselves devils to others. Be sure of
this, every young man who hears me,
that if you sow wild oats you will reap
wild oats in your later life, bitter and
poisonous, and which make the ground
barren. Can you "gather grapes of
thorns or figs of thistles?" Can you
pollute a fountain, and hope that the
river will be clean? "Be not deceived;
God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man
soweth, that shall he also reap. He that
soweth to the flesh shall also of the flesh
reap corruption." Do not think that you
can defy God's law as, and when, and
just as long as you please, and escape
the consequences, and recover when you
like? Ask any man who ever lived
whether he has escaped the consequences of
his past sins. Look at history, and
see how inevitable men's evil deeds
coming flowing back upon them in a
slow, resistless tide from which no hand
but that of Christ can pluck their down-
ing souls. Nay, ask the Spirit of evil
himself, and he will be forced to say to
you, "I have not lied to you in this; I
never told any one of you that you would
escape the consequences of your sins." He
would say, "There never has been a
human victim since Adam and Eve
lost Paradise from which I have pretend-
ed to conceal that sin is death. I de-
ceive not; your passions deceive you; you
deceive yourselves. I do not deceive;
I tempt."

And as for recovering when you
please, you might as well fling a light in-
to a vast, dry prairie, and fancy that you
can at any moment stop the conflagra-
tion. What is the meaning of your say-
ing that you will sow your wild oats? Is
it not to say that because you are yet
young you will insolently violate God's
law, that you will bid God wait your
time, that you will lay the flowers of
your life as an offering on the altar of
devils, and perhaps keep the ragged,
senseless, withered, canker-eaten leaves of
your decrepitude for God? If you thus
laugh in God's face he is likely to bless
you? Is he likely to make your road
smooth for you? Does not his very
love make it necessary for him to punish
and plague you? Can you touch pitch
and not be defiled? Can you take fire
in your hand and not be burned? Oh,
I would entreat you, do not in your
youthful self-conceit be so utter and so
terrible a fool! Do not go with your
eyes open against all the experience of
the world in every age, like a bird to the
lure of the fowler, like an ox to the
slaughter, like a fool to the correction of
the stocks. Once give up the control
of your reason and your conscience, once
snatch your hand from the grasp of
those two great archangels to which God
has entrusted the holy guardianship of
your youth, once leap in the chariot
of passion and fling lose the reins upon
the necks of your youthful lusts, and
then the pace is mad, and the steeds are
frantic, and the course is downhill al-
ready, and it ends in a precipice at last.
"Keep innocence," then, because in
God's strength and by God's aid there is
not one of you who cannot keep it. No
body says that you can do it of your own
strength. If you try that impossibility
you will ignominiously fail; but God is
eager to give you grace, and great grace,
and with that help you can keep your
precious birthright of innocence, that
eternal jewel of your souls. Every voice
which would persuade you that you can-
not is the voice of the Father of Lies.—
Christian World Pulpit.

AN EXAMPLE.

Jesus does not shadow the joys of
others with his own griefs. He might
have sat down in that wedding and said:
"I have so much trouble, so much pov-
erty, so much persecution, and the cross
is coming; I shall not rejoice, and the
gloom of my face and of my sorrow
shall be cast over all this group." So
said not Jesus. He said to himself:
"Here are two persons starting out in
married life. Let it be a joyful occasion.
I will hide my own griefs. I will kindle
their joy." There are many not so wise
as that. I know a household, where
there are many little children, where,
for two years, the musical instrument has
been kept shut because there has been
trouble in the house. Alas, for the folly!
Parents saying: "We will have no Chris-
mas-tree this coming holiday, because
there has been trouble in the house.
Hush that laughing upstairs! How can
there be any joy when there has been so
much trouble?" And so they make
everything consistently doleful, and send
their sons and daughters to ruin with the
gloom they throw around them. Those
children will have trouble enough of
their own after awhile! Be glad they
cannot appreciate all yours. Keep back
the cup of bitterness from your daugh-
ter's lips. When your head is down in
the grass of the tomb poverty may come
to her, betrayal to her, bereavement to
her. Keep back the sorrows as long as
you can. Do you not know that that
son may, after awhile, have his heart
broken? Stand between him and all
harm. You may not fight his battles
long; fight them while you may.—
Exchange.

Love is the price at which love is to
be bought.

BREVITIES.

The predecessor of the present Sultan
of Zanzibar gave a written promise to
the English authorities that every slave
born in the territory of Zanzibar after
January 1st of this year should be free,
and his successor has kept his word.
He has further declared that the exchange,
sale and purchase of slaves are hence-
forth prohibited forever.

A grove meeting was recently con-
ducted on a Sunday afternoon by Miss
Gabrielle Greeley in the beautiful pine
grove which her father planted forty
years ago on his farm at Chappaqua.
A number of Mr. Greeley's old personal
friends were present, and Miss Greeley
was assisted by O. C. Gilmore, a former
slave, and a quartette of colored jubilee
singers.

The colored people have some fine
churches in Philadelphia. The African
Methodists have a house which will seat
1,500. It has ten class-rooms and the
other usual accessories of a modern
church edifice, and has cost \$50,000.
The St. Thomas Protestant Episcopal
Church has cost \$30,000, and the Be-
rean Presbyterian Church \$32,500, both
colored.

There are 72,000 men employed on
the New York Central Road, and be-
tween 60,000 and 70,000 on the other
roads of the Vanderbilt system. Of these
men there are on the entire
Vanderbilt system 25,000 Knights of
Labor and 6,000 members of the Fed-
eration. Three thousand men have left
the Central's employ since the strike has
been declared.

Make no question what God can do,
for he can do anything but to deny him-
self, and cease to be Infinite; these he
cannot do. Remember always that
God's glory is the chiefest good; man's
life, yea, man's salvation, is to be set
behind it; which made Moses to wish rather
to have his name blotted out of
God's book, than that God should be
dishonored.—*Henry Scudder.*

John Boyle O'Reilly strongly desired
to establish a Celtic department in the
Boston Public Library, and it is now
proposed to honor his memory by set-
ting apart an alcove in the new library
for a collection of such books. It is
suggested that a fund for carrying out
the poet-journalist's pet project would
be a more graceful and fitting tribute
than the erection of a monument of
granite or bronze.

The late Rev. Dr. W. H. Ryder, of
Chicago, made the following institutions
his legatees, and each will receive, as
such, the sum of \$32,356.68: Universa-
list Publishing House, Boston; Divinity
School, Tufts College; Divinity School,
St. Lawrence University; Divinity
School, Lombard University; and Buchtel
College, Akron, O. Among the numer-
ous charitable bequests contained in his
will were \$20,000 to Lombard Univer-
sity (mentioned above) and \$10,000 to
the Chicago Public Library.

Of the sixty delegates who met in Phil-
adelphia fifty-seven years ago to make
the first organized effort against slavery
in this country, but two remain—John
G. Whittier the poet, and Robert Purvis.
The latter still lives in Philadelphia, and
is eighty years old. Although not of
African blood, he inherits the tinge of
the dusky Moor from his grandmother,
who was captured by a slave-trader. In
England his kinsmen are accorded high
social honors, and one of them com-
mands a fleet.

QUARRELING CHRISTIANS.

No man will promptly develop as a
Christian who will live in a state of quar-
rel. In enmity against God he is, of
course, not a Christian at all; but, re-
conciled to Him, he must remain a dwarf
unless he secures peace with those
around him. Fighting the brethren,
fighting angrily in behalf of reform, con-
tending with bitter words and hard strife
for even the best doctrine, he will stunt
the growth of a divine life within him.
Even fighting against sin is not to be
done in a quarrelsome way, but in a spir-
it of honoring God while abhorring the
sin and pitying the sinner. We are to
conduct a warfare, but our fight is to be
a "good" one, which means that it is to
be directed against wrong and in favor
of right, and also that it is to be waged
so that in the darkest day of defeat we
may be able to say, "Father, forgive them,
for they know not what they do."

SHINING AND SHIRKING.

Look at the end for which the Chris-
tian's light ought to shine—"That men
may see your good works and glorify
your Father which is in heaven." In
these words we have it most unmis-
takeably intimated that it lies in the Chris-
tian's power to promote the glory of God
and his cause in the world. Through
his influence and example men may be
constrained to admit the power and
beauty of a Christian life, and so be led
to glorify their Father which is in heaven.
If all this there is implied a heavy re-
sponsibility on the part of the Christian,
for in his hands, so to speak, is placed
the credit of religion; and that credit is
maintained just in so far as he is able to
make his practice and profession corre-
spond. The world will form its estimate
of religion from him who professes it.
In this the world may be acting unjustly,
for nothing can be more unjust than to
lay at the door of religion the faults and
failings of the Christian. If these exist

it is not because of religion, but in spite
of it; hence the injustice of making re-
ligion answer for them. Still, there is
ever a tendency to identify a cause with
him who supports it, and, through his
shortcomings, the cause may suffer.

When, from some high profession of
religion, a man returns to the world only
to give way to bitterness and wrath, to
clamor and evil-speaking, only to man-
ifest feelings of selfishness and uncharit-
ableness—to say nothing of the many
other, and perhaps more flagrant, sins
which the Christians may sometimes
have to mourn—is he not giving a han-
dle to the world which it well knows
how to use in opposition to God and to
truth? In presence of all this, how
solemn does the divine charge appear:
"Let your light so shine before men
that they may see your good works and
glorify your Father which is in heaven!"
—*The Quiver.*

A KIND WORD.

A kind word costs but little, but it
may bless all day one to whom it is
spoken. Nay, have not kind words
been spoken to you which have lived in
your heart through years and borne fruit
of joy and hope? Let us speak kindly
to one another. We have burdens and
worries, but let us not, therefore, rasp
and irritate those near us, those we love,
those Christ would have us to save.
Speak kindly in the morning; it lightens
the cares of the day, and makes the
household and all its affairs move along
smoothly. Speak kindly at night; for it
may be before dawn some loved one
may finish his or her space of life for
this world, and it will be too late to ask
forgiveness.—*The Sunlight.*

It is pleasant to note that Daguerre,
the world benefactor who invented the
daguerreotype, the forerunner of the
photograph, is to have a monument erected
to his memory by the photographers
of America, to be placed in front of the
Smithsonian Institute in Washington.
It was in 1824 that this French scene-
painter began his experiments, toiling at
the important dream which haunted him
of some how using the exquisite fingers
of the light in painting of pictures, until,
at length—partly as the result of scienti-
fic experiment, partly by accident, and
finally by inspiration—he found what the
vapors of mercury would do with iodide
of silver on a polished plate of copper
to catch and hold any picture which the
light, through the camera obscura, might
throw upon it. And who can measure
the value of this gospel of the sun picture,
which has done so much to keep fresh
and perpetual in mind and affection, in
so many millions of homes, the faces
and the love and the choicest personal
influence of dear ones far away! Surely,
it will not harm at all our devout grate-
fulness to God, from whom all good things
come, to turn for an instant to the dear
old inventor, Daguerre, and thank him,
too.

AN UNFORTUNATE ILLUSTRATION.—
The devices of nature for embarrassing
and confounding the young man "wise
in his own conceit" are many. Espe-
cially malicious was she with a young
Harvard divinity student who was
preaching in a country church in the
east of Maine. Waxing eloquent with
his theme he sought to embellish his
discourse with numerous flights of poetic
fancy and allegorical illustrations. Pau-
sing a moment after one of these supreme
efforts, he continued, "And now, my
friends, let us listen to the low, sweet
prelude." At this juncture, a cow be-
neath one of the windows launched forth
a series of such vigorous, discordant bel-
lows as would have made the trombone
player of a German street band green
with envy.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

GENTLENESS.—The power of gentle-
ness is one of the unmeasured forces in
human life. "A soft answer" will pierce
deeper than a "two edged sword." It is
more natural under provocation to use
the latter; but the use of the former is
in imitation of Him who, "when he
was reviled, reviled not again." Gen-
tleness gives a man power with his
fellowmen. It increases the love of his
friends, and disarms the anger of his
enemies. He who would serve his gen-
eration well must possess it. It is to
be learned in the school of Christ, who
is our pattern in this as in every grace.
"Thy gentleness hath made me great."
—*United Presbyterian.*

"Nay, in all these things we are more
than conquerors through Him that loved
us." Oh, what more glorious thing could
be ours than a life of such triumphant
confidence! How we should frighten
he cowards and scare the little-faiths!
And the world would surely believe in
the people who believe so surely in their
God. And yet this very splendor and
nobility may frighten some of us. Un-
belief is like a mole—can not bear the
light, and is wonderfully clever and
quick at burrowing into darkness.—
Mark Guy Pearse.

WITHOUT FEAR.—Fear produceth un-
willing, servile performances, as those
fruits that grow in winter or in cold coun-
tries are sour, unsavory, and uncon-
cocted; but those which grow in summer
or in hotter countries, by the warmth and
influence of the sun, are sweet and whole-
some. Such is the difference between
those fruits of obedience which fear and
love produceth.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

EVIL OF ALCOHOL.—The evils wrought
by alcoholic drink are now acknowl-
edged and proclaimed by all the organs
of public opinion. It undermines health,
enfeebles the will, coarsens the mind
and inflames animal passions. It sepa-
rates husbands and wives, divides fami-
lies, and deprives children of the home
influence which nothing else can supply.
It lowers the standard of morals, fills
prisons and insane asylums with its
victims, and feeds the germs of corrup-
tion in the body politic. It is, in a
word, the cause of the occasion of four-
fifths of the crime by which our national
life is disgraced.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The *Quarterly Review* (London), for
July, has in it an article on "Twenty
years of Irish Home Rule in New York."
The article fills twenty-six pages, of
which about one-half are filled with ex-
tracts from New York papers and other
publications. This is a naive and witty
way of arguing against "Home Rule" in
Ireland. The Irish rule New York, and
a worse ruled city it were difficult to find.
Having ruled there, and made a botch
of it—so the argument runs—in circum-
stances far more favorable, what more
could be expected of the Irish in their
attempt to rule in the land of their
birth. This mode of showing how badly
the Roman Catholic Irish would be like-
ly to rule Ireland is ingenious, and must
carry with it a great deal of force.

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I consider *The Forum* as furnishing the most intelligent and sympathetic audience that a thoughtful writer can find to address in any land.—*Prof. ALEXANDER WINCHELL, of the University of Michigan.*

The Forum continues to hold its place as the foremost of our magazines, for the variety, the value, and the weight of its contributions.—*THE NEW YORK TIMES.*

There has come forward no problem of grave importance since *The Forum* was established that has not been discussed in its pages by masters of the subject. Announcements of forthcoming articles can seldom be made long in advance, for *The Forum's* discussions are always of problems of present concern. Every such problem that the year 1890 will bring forward will be discussed, whether in politics, or religion, or social science, or practical affairs. The January number will contain a reply by ex-Speaker J. G. Carlisle to Senator Cullom's recent article on "How the Tariff Affects the Farmer."

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cially independent, and it belongs to no sect
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ORDINATION AND INSTALLATION OF REV. F. H. MAAR.

Pursuant to letters missive issued by the Grace church of Mission San Jose, and the First church of Niles, an ecclesiastical council assembled Thursday, September 18th, in the church at Mission San Jose, for the purpose of examining Mr. F. H. Maar, reviewing the proceedings of the churches, and, if deemed advisable, assisting in his ordination and installation over these churches. The council was called to order at eleven o'clock a. m. by Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D. Rev. E. D. Hale was elected temporary Moderator and Rev. Loyal L. Wirt temporary Scribe. The roll was called, with the following result:

Plymouth church, Oakland, Rev. E. C. Oakley and Mr. J. A. Benton, Jr.; First church, Oakland, Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D. and Mr. D. D. Barnard; First church, San Francisco, Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D.; Bethany church, San Francisco, Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D.; First church, Hayward, Mr. McDermott; First church, San Jose, Rev. C. W. Hill and Mrs. C. W. Hill; church at Sunol, Rev. J. H. Strong; church at Clayton, Rev. E. D. Hale and Mr. Robert Duncan. Individuals present: Rev. J. A. Benton, D.D., Rev. Mr. Gilfillan (Presbyterian).

The temporary officers were made the permanent officers. After stating the object for which the council assembled, the Moderator called for the papers in the case, which were furnished. The council proceeded to the examination, which was declared to be satisfactory to a high degree.

The following programme was adopted for the ordination and installation services:

For the afternoon service at Mission San Jose—Invocation, Rev. J. H. Warren, D.D.; Scripture reading, Rev. J. H. Strong; ordaining prayer, Rev. J. A. Benton, D.D., assisted in the laying on of hands by Revs. Hill and Oakley; right hand of fellowship, Rev. J. K. McLean, D.D.; charge to the pastor, Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D.; charge to the people, Rev. C. W. Hill.

For the evening service at Niles—Invocation, Rev. Mr. Gilfillan; Scripture reading, Rev. L. L. Wirt; ordaining prayer, Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D.; right hand of fellowship, Rev. E. D. Hale; charge to the pastor, Rev. E. C. Oakley; charge to the people, Rev. Dr. McLean; benediction by the pastor. After the adoption of the following resolution, council adjourned to 2:30 p. m.

"Resolved, That we recommend to the church at Mission San Jose that the church and society hereafter always hold separate meetings.

"Resolved, That we recommend to both churches a definite agreement expressed in writing with reference to the pastor's salary."

Council reassembled at the appointed hour. The order of service for the afternoon was carried out in accordance with the programme.

The evening session convened at the appointed time and place. The installation services were carried out, interspersed with music rendered in great taste by the choir.

Allow me to add unofficially that seldom is one permitted to be present at more beautiful or inspiring services than those recorded above.

The whole occasion, with all the events which led up to it, made the gathering one of peculiar interest. The church at Niles is a direct outcome of the newly installed pastor's beautiful and loving service. A little over one year ago there was nothing to mark the religious interest of the place, not even a Sunday-school. Hand-to-hand work, indefatigable perseverance on the part of our brother, coupled with an opportunity, has wrought this happy change in the history of a prosperous and wide awake village.

Almost as much can be said of Mission San Jose. In the same length of time and through the labors of the same faithful servant this church has erected a house of worship, than which few of its size are more beautiful and conveniently arranged; while the spiritual walls of Zion have been strengthened as well, and the hearts of the people drawn closer together and to their Saviour.

But, to return to the council. Mr. Maar, though subjected to a severe catechizing, was equal to the occasion, and proved to the satisfaction of all present his right to receive the "anointing oil."

The ordination service was very impressive and brought tears to many an eye. The "charge to the people," by Rev. C. W. Hill deserves special mention, and will doubtless long be remembered, not only by "the people," but by all who heard it. Seldom has a pastor had the privilege to be the principal in a dual installation. It was the same council and the same shepherd, but two separate, flocks four miles apart.

Such occasions are an education. I am sure no one left this council without being impressed with the excellency of "the Congregational way." SCRIBE.

Brazil, in her new national constitution, is commented upon by the secular press as having reached a level of national morality which no other power in Christendom has attained to, in that a clause of the constitution prohibits the republic from engaging, either alone or in concert with other powers, in any war of conquest.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, OCT. 5. LUKE XX: 9-19.

By Rev. C. W. Hill.

PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD.

Golden Text—"He is despised and rejected of men." (Isa. liii: 3.)
The time is Tuesday on about the 4th of April of the year 30, the last day of Christ's public ministry. The place is in the temple.

"Then began he to speak to the people this parable." It is one of the few parables which are recorded more than once by the gospel writers. Matthew, Mark and Luke all give it at full length. There are slight variations in their accounts, enough to show their independence and yet not enough to affect the perfect harmony of their testimony; while the threefold repetition is alone sufficient to point out the importance of the truth herein contained. It condenses for us the history of centuries, and indicates an approaching crisis.

"A certain man planted a vineyard." The vineyard represents the kingdom of God as realized, first in the Jewish nation and then in the spiritual Christian Church. It was a vineyard largely and liberally furnished. God provided his people with all things necessary for life and godliness.

The same is true of our own nation. The Bible, the Sabbath, Christian homes, the influence of the Spirit, and all the sources of national prosperity, come from God, and place the nation under the responsibility of rendering the fruits of righteousness.

The husbandmen referred to are the rulers of the Jewish people whom God had appointed over the nation for their guidance and protection.

The expression "went into a far country" must not be pressed too closely. It signifies that, as the owner of a vineyard leaves it to the tenants, so God left the Jews in a measure to themselves, and waited in patience to see to what advantage they would turn their opportunities.

"And at the season he sent a servant to the husbandmen, that they should give him the fruit of the vineyard." These servants were the prophets and other ministers of God, raised up as special messengers to the people who demanded of them in the name of God the fruits of a life corresponding to their privileges. But the authorities of the nation rejected the counsel, and assaulted the persons of the messengers, beating, wounding and driving them into exile. Such was the treatment of successive embassies sent in successive ages, until, in the fullness of time, he sent his own Son as the final messenger of the covenant. And when they slew him who was "their of all things," and turned the kingdom of God into anarchy, then his judgments broke forth. Their peculiar privileges were forfeited and their relation to the kingdom of God was broken. Jesus leads his hearers to pronounce judgment upon themselves. For when he asked, "What, therefore, shall the Lord of the vineyard do unto them?" they replied, "He shall come and destroy these husbandmen."

"And when they heard it," they uttered the horrified protest, "God forbid." They saw the picture and shrank from it either with a sense of fear or, as is more probable, of unbelief, for in the expression there is no word in the original which means God and none which means forbid. Literally translated, it is "Let it not be."

"And he beheld them"—looked with a searching gaze upon them. It was a look before which the money changers retired from the temple, and the soldiers who came to arrest him fell backward; the look which sent Peter into the darkness of the night to weep. While piercing them with that gaze, he said: "What is this then that is written, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner? Who-soever shall fall upon that stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." The figure is thus suddenly changed. He has employed the similitude of the vineyard as far as it could reach. Now he seizes upon this singularly suggestive quotation from the xxvii Psalm, which forms an exact parallel with the parable, and renders the moral complete, showing that malice shall come to final defeat, and every purpose of God to its accomplishment. Enemies in all ages have beat against Christ as waves of the sea against the rock, but like the waves they are broken. Each new antagonist has boasted that he would destroy Him. They pass away, and he endures. Like the walls of an impregnable fortress, around which are found the broken missiles which have been hurled against it, so Jesus stands against the assault of ages. The arguments of the early antagonists are found only in the writings of those who, like Voltaire, said that it took twelve men to establish the gospel, but he would show that one man could overthrow it. To-day millions read the words of Jesus. Few indeed read the writings of Voltaire.

"Hammer away, ye hostile hands! Your hammers break God's anvil stands." Such as fall on this stone are broken by their own power, but to those who maintain their enmity a more fearful calamity shall come in the day of judgment, when he shall crush by his own power all opposition to his justice. Those who are broken upon the rock may be healed, but not those who are broken by the rock, when the day of grace has gone, and the judgment day has come.

It is estimated in England that one man in 500 gets a college education, and in America one in every 500.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-meeting Topic for Week Beginning Oct. 5, 1890.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject—Soldiers, what shall we fight? How get the victory? (Rom. xiii; II Tim. iv: 7, 8.)

Believers, with remarkable recurrence, are referred to in the Epistles as soldiers of Christ, and the many centuries that have run their course since Paul wrote to the Church in Rome and to his beloved Timothy, emphasize the soldierly calling of every follower of Christ. There may be weary, monotonous days and nights of suspense and privation; but Christian warfare returns as imperiously as ever in its season. It is no fiction; ecclesiastical history bears record to its reality. (II Tim. ii: 3.)

1. *What shall we fight?* Unrighteousness. Great temptations beset young Christians. The young man in the theological seminary does not escape, and the powerful preacher cannot banish them from the pulpit. But the foe of our souls approaches us most frequently in the form of unrighteousness. We do not mean that by abolishing unrighteousness inequalities between men and classes are to be removed. The Master, who mercifully fed the hungry peasants on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and whose words were always against every form of unrighteousness, said, "Render, therefore, to Caesar the things which be Caesar's." (Luke xx: 21-25.) Render therefore, to all their dues.

2. *Dishonesty.* "Owe no man anything." Be straightforward. Make both ends meet. Live within your wages. Pay your debts promptly. Pay them cheerfully. Not by faith alone can we fulfill our individual responsibilities. Conscience is sometimes discharged by canceling a debt. The method may be unromantic, but it is most acceptable. It is truth translated into practical life.

"We are helpers
Of the right against the wrong,
Of the truth which maketh strong."

3. *Selfishness.* "Love worketh no ill." (Gal. v: 14; Col. iii: 14.) If we are to be good soldiers of the cross we will be as the Captain of our salvation. If we are to maintain the Christian's charity we will wage holy war upon every form of selfishness. Selfishness may be found in business and in labor, and is hateful everywhere. It is comparatively easy to talk against selfishness, as indeed it may be to talk charity; but to be unselfish in temper, stern against sin, gentle and loving of deed—this is to be knights of courtly dignity, doing battle against sin, and following the Master with heroic step. "Men shall take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus."

4. *Indifference.* (I Cor. xv: 33, 34; Eph. v: 14; I Thes. v: 5, 6.) "It is high time to awake." Even the sentinel may slumber. Good soldiers of the cross may lack vigilance. Indifference destroys self-restraint, and fosters fruit-bearing seeds that ripen into a harvest of remorse. Gloom and misery and discontent are sheaves that have been gathered in the fields of indifference. Be active! Indifference and *ennui* have no place in the army of the Lord. Every capacity we possess was meant for service in the kingdom, and, like the strings of the harp or lute, they are of benefit only when they vibrate. Ceaseless motion is the harmony of the spheres.

5. *Doubt.* If we do the will of the Father we shall know of the doctrine. We are assailed by doubt, and many are overcome by fear, and some are vanquished by unbelief. Frequently, during our great civil war, soldiers who were scouts ventured too far beyond the lines, and, captured by the enemy, never returned to their own camp. Young believers, sometimes venture beyond the lines of evangelical truth into the region of skepticism and infidelity. Is it any wonder that some never return? (Eph. v: 11.)

How get the victory? (1) By discarding sin. (Col. iii: 8.) "Cast off the works of darkness." If we could but unmask human nature and look into human hearts, what sins would we not see! What dissipation! What ungodliness! But young Christian soldiers will not nurture these things. They will, with consecrated valor, rise above them and destroy them.

2. *By purity of life.* (I Tim. i: 5; Gal. v: 16.) "Make not provision for the flesh." Wash your hands in innocence. Preserve heart-purity, and you will have achieved a victory greater than Bannockburn or Waterloo, and loftier than Trenton or Gettysburg. Maintain it, because, like the eye, the heart cannot suffer the least impurity without damage.

3. *By Christian conduct.* (I Pet. ii: 11, 12; Jas. ii: 8, 9; Eph. 6: 13.) "Put on the armor of light." Lactantius, in the third century, comparing the salient features of heathenism and Christianity, bears testimony to the latter in these words, "Compassion and humanity are peculiar to the latter." After nineteen centuries have passed away the same Christian conduct marks the religion of Jesus of Nazareth.

4. *By loyalty to Christ.* (Gal. iii: 27.) "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." This is the competent corrective for the heretofore mentioned and effective working of a Christian life. Christ wins by his supreme attraction; and, clothed upon with this attraction, men allure their friends to higher things. When men wait office they gather around the political "boss"; but when they want comfort they desire the presence of the godly. When the greed of gain is on men they cluster around the successful, but when they

thirst for heaven they seek the Christlike. The true soldier of the cross is conscious that loyalty to Christ is the supreme obligation and privilege of life, and he ever sings with Lyte—

"Who like thyself my guide and stay can be;
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me."

TULARE CITY.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: I remember reading in the life of Lyman Beecher that he always made a real family picnic of the apple-paring and drying and the cider-making. Instead of making it drudgery for hirelings, he *railed* the youngsters, and taking hold with all his might himself, he got through in a few hours of pleasure what might have taken days of *drudging*. I have had like pleasure in working out my road tax. It's hard work boiling in the sun alone. But by getting a stout team of a neighbor, and driving myself, and rallying with my neighbors, we get out early in the morning, and by the time the sun is hot the work is done. *Mending ways* is good work for a parson, and if his way is good he is an example to others. Road taxes are no terror to me; they mean a lusty team, practice in driving—so I can be a Cincinnatus in my old age—jolly boys with shovels and hoes, pleasant girls with rakes and pails of lemonade, and frolicsome dogs trying to put their paws in the right place to help. We get a better road, too. Love work is the highest kind of work. It is drudgery that is dangerous and bad. So we built the horse-sheds at Groveland. So we hope to dig the cellar for the parsonage. So the foundation will be laid and so the walls go up. We must not despise business contracts—paid work; but there is and always will be room for rallies, for an enthusiasm that is not froth nor gush, but the abiding purpose of useful, happy life. So cool a philosopher as Oberlin's great President (he will always be President Fairchild while he lives—not ex-President) says: "In the West what is not done with enthusiasm is not done at all." I think it is Bushnell who discourses so finely on "The Element of Play in Human Nature." I cannot say what we do most worthily is play, for life costs pain and sweat and tears. But what we do best grows up into the gladness and freedom of play. Tired and driven, in heat and cold, rain and shine, I have often prayed and pushed my pencil along on these weekly letters. But in increasing light and gladness the pleasant duty has grown into play. Kind words from the coast pay *richly*; and I am hoping your sunny land and sweet air and delightful work for our King will inspire me until I shall be as crisp and breezy as those editorials, old young-hearts write for us. We are under a divine teacher. Life is a play-ground as well as a school. The bell will sound. They will say "toll" on earth, but we shall say "ring" in heaven when we get where our elder school-mate Dwinell went not long ago. Therefore, let us shout in our play as well as be diligent with our work. How foolish for a child to have a hundred bags of candy growing stale, while ninety mates who will divide on like occasions are candy-hungry. How poor some men can be with a thousand horses, or a hundred thousand cattle, or two hundred thousand acres, or a million dollars! If they would only combine more for churches and missions as once they did to build snow forts! What play life would be if men realized they are indeed King's children! When we look back on this life from eternity I think we shall call ourselves "beggars" more often than any other name.

EDWIN S. WILLIAMS.

OF THE RIGHT AGAINST THE WRONG,
OF THE TRUTH WHICH MAKETH STRONG."

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